

Theories of the Western World  
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Mode: >.667  
12,379:16,742 .739

1. The Text
2. The Diagrammatic Text

1. The Text

I. 523:741 .706

As a matter of fact,  
I was just telling Demo  
as we walked up to your flat,  
I've been just a tad preoccupied of late  
with a night I actually just remembered today,  
from years ago actually,  
completely non-descript,  
entirely inconsequential at face value,  
yet it was a night that nonetheless,  
now thinking it through,  
is essentially indicative of my true character.  
It was a night, via pure instinct,  
I allowed my true colors to show,  
and of course I was ashamed at first,  
who isn't disgusted  
at first sight of their true colors,  
but as the years have passed  
I've come to the conclusion that  
there's actually nothing a priori wrong  
with my true colors—  
actually, if anything,  
it's quite the contrary.  
My true colors,  
of course I can't change them,  
but even if I could I wouldn't.  
Because even though my true colors  
require a prerequisite,

a perhaps unappetizing prerequisite,  
a prerequisite that, yes,  
that I loathe certain people for no reason.  
But even though that may in fact be the case,  
I believe it's actually proper to loathe  
certain people for absolutely no reason,  
with no justification whatsoever,  
that hating people sans pretext  
is in fact entirely necessary,  
and I may even leap further  
and state outright that these certain people,  
whom we loathe sans pretext,  
may actually deserve this intense loathing  
and unprovoked hatred,  
but let me begin, please.  
Because to begin with,  
it was an era where I found myself  
spending an inordinate amount of time  
at social events that I loathed—  
I loathed both contemplating  
my future attendance of these events  
and then my actual attendance of these events.  
People, ultimately, have no couth—  
to this day, for example,  
I often find myself present  
at social gatherings where a quote-unquote vegetable plate,  
along with a vegetable dip,  
is presented as an hors d'oeuvre,  
and I'm almost always a little let down  
by the quality of the celery.  
At that particular stage in my life, in fact,  
the era I'm speaking of, I'd reconciled myself  
to the fact that I had intrinsically higher standards  
than most when it came to celery,  
cucumbers as well—  
I analyzed produce with an acuity, frankly,  
most of my peers would never achieve.  
Having said that,  
to this day the majority of hosts  
in our country have next to no couth  
when it comes to serving celery or cucumbers.

Forced to attend a so-called post wedding brunch  
just a few months  
prior to the events I'm about to relay,  
I was appalled at the quality of cucumbers served—  
a cucumber, above all else,  
should be refreshing.  
A piece of celery, ideally,  
is similar to sipping a fresh glass of ice water  
on a zesty summer day.  
The source of this regrettable degradation  
in the quality of our celery and cucumbers  
undoubtedly stems from  
America's overreliance on dip.

II. 570:752 .758

Dip, in our era,  
has literally and figuratively  
become the hors d'oeuvre,  
it's become culturally acceptable  
to utterly ignore  
the quality of the celery and cucumbers,  
two of the most refreshing yet delicate  
vegetables known to our species,  
at social gatherings  
because it's assumed consumers' attention  
will be focused almost solely on the dip.  
Yet it's precisely the dip  
that negates the nutritional benefits  
of the celery, as well as the cucumbers.  
Americans no longer consume vegetables—  
they consume vegetables  
with dips and sauces  
that obliterate all possible  
nutritional benefits of a vegetable.  
These dips and sauces  
annihilate the intrinsically  
refreshing essences of our vegetables.  
Guests attending these parties  
could relieve themselves  
all over these quote-unquote vegetable plates

and not miss a beat nutritionally—  
they'd probably even fail  
to notice a difference in taste,  
with the amount of sour cream currently  
found in the median American dip.  
During this era of my life,  
almost every week I would spend  
two to five minutes in the produce section  
arduously selecting only the finest celery  
stalks and most concrete cucumbers,  
touching all the cucumbers indiscriminately,  
with no regard for the customers  
who inevitably would touch these  
same cucumbers after I'd  
finally made my selection—  
because, to this day,  
there's nothing more deflating  
than a stalk of celery gone flat  
by mid-week,  
yet there's nothing more  
uplifting than a freshly chopped  
stalk of celery,  
and the same can be said  
for cucumbers.  
Yet, as so-called Greek-Americans,  
none of us should be surprised  
at this state of affairs,  
with a vegetable dip masking  
the refreshing essence  
of the genuine article, so to speak—  
and this brings me  
to a much larger point,  
a more grandiose issue,  
if you'll allow me  
to digress just slightly  
before I begin my anecdote,  
the anecdote I've admittedly  
been obsessing over for weeks now,  
which will inevitably,  
I believe, become the crux  
of my argument here.

Because there's endless discussion today  
with regard to our so-called world,  
our alleged Western world,  
but it's imperative  
we define our terms with rigor  
as opposed to carelessness—  
because it's too often  
that we throw terms into the ether willy-nilly.  
In short, it's entirely possible  
we're confusing extension  
with interpretation  
as it relates to our Western world.  
There's endless talk  
of this Western world,  
but let's be specific,  
this Western world is, in fact,  
little more than an Anglo world,  
it's not simply a nondescript Western world,  
it's also an actual Anglo world—  
our civilization, so to speak,  
is nominally considered Western,  
nominally considered Graeco-Roman,  
yet there's a barbarism at play here,  
there's a nefarious vegetable dip  
burying the genuine article here.

III. 635:866 .733

In actuality,  
the Western world  
is little more than a misnomer  
for the Anglo world,  
which is essentially  
the American world,  
and the Anglo world,  
in actuality,  
is not an extension  
of Graeco-Roman Antiquity, no,  
it's simply an interpretation of that world—  
and even then that interpretation  
was a purely subsequent interpretation,

an interpretation  
in response to an interpretation.  
Because the primary interpretation  
of Antiquity came from Constantinople  
and Antioch and Alexandria,  
in the so-called Byzantine world,  
and only then  
did this Anglo world indulge  
in a subsequent interpretation  
of the Graeco-Roman Antiquity,  
based on the Byzantine era's  
interpretation but also of course  
based on their interpretation  
of the so-called Byzantine world.  
This should be understood,  
that the Anglo world,  
in a very tangible sense,  
is little more than  
an elaborate vegetable dip itself,  
a subsequent interpretation,  
and it's perhaps  
the most pervasive iteration  
of so-called vegetable dip  
our planet has yet to see—  
beneath it we discover the genuine article,  
the primary interpretation,  
so to speak.  
As for us, within this Anglo world  
we remain more or less glossed over,  
a sub-optimal fit over here  
and sub-optimal fit over there,  
as Diamanda Galas aptly put it:  
America is fixated on multiculturalism  
yet remains remiss  
with regard to Middle Eastern cultures,  
which include Greek cultures—  
but how is this possible?  
Yet we should note,  
we should finally admit to ourselves  
that the modern center of the Anglo world,  
America, for all of its melting pot mythology,

has never assimilated, not quite,  
because instead it's simply annihilated—  
in America we love discussing ethnicities,  
people wear hyphens like name-tags,  
but all of these ethnicities  
are at bottom false ethnicities,  
just as the so-called modern Greek,  
the Hellenic baboon,  
is a fictional ethnicity,  
all of our other  
ethnicities are essentially fictional ethnicities,  
they're ethnicities  
at best as simulacra, and,  
subsequently, what's inevitably  
true but will remain perpetually untouched upon  
is that there is no real race  
or ethnicity within America with the exception of the Anglo.  
Everyone is Anglo in America,  
this is obvious.  
Every person in America,  
insofar as they've adopted American hyphenations,  
is essentially Anglo—  
as Catholicism washed over the third world,  
the third world became essentially Anglo,  
the Puritanism of North America  
mixed with the Catholicism  
of South America  
and resulted in a milieu  
where everyone is essentially Anglo.  
Magic Johnson, at bottom,  
is essentially Anglo.  
Endless ethnicities have been properly identified,  
systematically assimilated  
into this Anglo-American framework,  
and subsequently annihilated,  
and we peruse their coming-of-age narratives,  
penned in the classic New Yorker style,  
and we think to ourselves,  
“Wow, that's nice,  
what a nice little coming-of-age story,  
I never knew Vietnam was so nice in Autumn—”

when the reality is  
these people have been essentially annihilated.

IV. 618:845 .731

The coming-of-age narrative  
of the Vietnamese immigrant tickles  
the recesses of our soul,  
yet it never occurs to us  
that this Vietnamese person,  
writing in the classic New Yorker style,  
has been essentially annihilated.  
We marvel at the ethnic traits  
of coming-of-age  
narratives penned in the classic  
New Yorker style,  
yet these ethnicities are entirely fictional,  
they've been essentially annihilated,  
just as we, the Hellenic baboons,  
have also been essentially annihilated.  
The Vietnamese-American  
who penned  
your favorite coming-of-age story is,  
in fact, entirely Anglo.  
The so-called Orthodox,  
the last of the so-called Byzantines,  
remain unassimilated  
and therefore unannihilated,  
perhaps only because they've clung  
to their metaphysical distinctions—  
through varying crusades and occupations,  
various capitalisms and communisms  
they've clung to their metaphysical distinctions,  
to the metaphysical framework  
of the Patriarch of Constantinople.  
In any case, this Anglo world  
is no extension of Antiquity,  
it's no New Rome,  
because its interpretations  
have inevitably been filtered  
through the so-called Byzantine,

through the Second Rome  
of Constantine.  
But for the Orthodox, Christ symbolized the true,  
verified immanence of God,  
to correspond with the transcendence of God—  
just as the so-called Socratic Idea  
was at once transcendent and immanent,  
just as Love as an Idea  
was out of reach in-itself  
(in its transcendence),  
yet interactive in a relative sense  
(in its immanence),  
God was now the same,  
not transcendent or immanent,  
but instead transcendent and immanent.  
God as an Essence was unknowable,  
unapproachable, and wholly transcendent,  
yet, through Christ,  
God was proven to be wholly immanent,  
in addition to being entirely transcendent,  
God's Energies were Energies  
we could approach and interact with,  
to become one with God,  
even momentarily,  
was deemed a possibility.  
Christ was brilliantly grafted onto centuries  
of Greek thought in a system  
that found its expression  
from Alexandria to Antioch to Constantinople,  
yet the subsequent Anglo interpretation,  
by restricting God and Person to the intellect,  
the conceptual to the transcendent,  
essentially ushered in the secular atheism  
that's become our monoculture par excellence.  
This subsequent Anglo interpretation  
was markedly different—  
because now to be  
transcendent and immanent  
was now deemed decadent and oriental.  
The so-called Byzantine interpretation  
envisioned a God who,

through His superabundance,  
was both wholly immanent and entirely transcendent,  
whereas the Anglo interpretation  
viewed that interpretation  
as both wholly decadent and entirely oriental,  
the Anglo interpretation,  
just as the Hebrew God  
banished Adam and Eve from the Kingdom of God,  
subsequently banished God from the Kingdom of Man,  
to His eternal transcendence.  
No, the so-called Greeks  
never killed their God  
because they never stopped  
merging with their God.  
The Greek world never chose to kill their God,  
they never murdered their God  
in cold blood because,  
in this Greek world,  
within this silly Byzantine milieu,  
to kill their God would be akin  
to committing suicide.

V. 522:715 .730

Whereas the Anglo world  
divorced itself from the Energies,  
became the transcendent world  
par excellence,  
and left itself  
no choice but to kill its God  
ruthlessly and expeditiously.  
The transcendent world par excellence  
almost ipso facto becomes  
the secular atheist world  
par excellence.  
Transcendence divorced  
from immanence  
is the primary formula of the secular.  
The Western world  
is the Anglo world  
which is nothing more than

a subsequent interpretation  
rather than a primary interpretation.  
In America, everyone is Anglo,  
Vietnamese immigrants  
write coming of age stories  
that are nothing if not holistically Anglo,  
transcendently Anglo.  
And we sit,  
portrayed as absurdly Hellenic,  
as Athenian baboons,  
yet of course we have perhaps  
that "Byzantine look,"  
our musk is perhaps Byzantine,  
yet the Byzantine, we're told,  
was wholly decadent  
and entirely oriental  
and no longer exists.  
The Afro-American Man  
is the Anglo Man,  
Larry Bird in addition to Magic Johnson  
are both essentially Anglo,  
the Italian-American Man  
is the Anglo Man,  
the Greek-American Man,  
despite playing the role of Athenian Baboon,  
is also essentially Anglo.  
The Greeks, ultimately, have sunk themselves,  
which is why they're no longer even Greek,  
we can't blame anyone more than ourselves,  
we were placed in an impossible position  
between East and West,  
and we acted in an impossible fashion,  
and now we're no longer even ourselves.  
But how did we get onto us anyway,  
the Greeks—have I gone overboard here at all?  
Am I exaggerating at all?  
It's definitely possible,  
yet I feel completely appropriate,  
I actually feel like, if anything,  
I'm being too reserved,  
that if anything I'm actually lacking

in hyperbole at the moment!  
I feel like, right now,  
I'm actually being too kind,  
that if anything I'm being a tad too reserved.  
I feel as though there's vitriol  
that I still owe,  
that I own considerable debt,  
and it's all vitriol,  
that there's no choice  
but to pay it back  
to the general populace of this country.  
It's possible that I'm filled to the brim with vitriol,  
it's possible that I owe all this vitriol  
to the general populace.  
It's almost as if I'm leaving loads of vitriol  
on the table.  
The Anglo world lectured us  
that the authentic Greeks  
made anal love to teenage boys,  
and then when Greeks moved past penetrating  
high school aged men in the rear-end,  
when they instead subscribed  
to the metaphysics of the Patriarch of Constantinople,  
it was only at that point  
that Greek culture  
became depraved and decadent.  
Wholly oriental.  
This is what I've been personally taught  
by the Anglo so-called scholastics—  
and that I can tell you is  
absolutely no exaggeration.

VI. 528:719 .734

Only the Greeks  
would accept two sets of ancestors  
of this sort then shrug their shoulders  
and go get drunk at a saloon.  
That's what I did.  
It's just audacious,  
that's what it is.

If nothing else I respect the audacity,  
because I actually have  
the highest respect for the audacity  
of the Anglo world.

Our ancestors have spent  
hundreds of years in obscure mountains,  
forbidden to read or write,  
while the entire Anglo world  
has spread this misinformation about us,  
this slander, this character assassination,  
so it's no wonder

pedophiles run rampant  
in every Western polity—  
look who comprise the idols of the West!

The Athenian  
with the beautiful boyfriends  
traversing puberty,  
as if these were the only Greeks,  
as if there were no other Greek eras,  
as if the alphabet  
became obsolete after Antiquity!

But I digress.

In any case, before I enter  
into this whole anecdote

I should say this—

namely, that I was at a restaurant  
across the street from my apartment  
for a small gathering  
just the other night,

my good friend's cousin was in town,  
and she and her father invited me  
to an informal dinner

across the road from my apartment,  
so I decided it would be a little rude  
for me not to go,

considering I lived within spitting distance  
of this restaurant,  
within minimal walking distance,  
and had nothing else to do.

I essentially had to go

but also had no issue with attending.

In addition, I was aware  
the meal would in all likelihood be paid for,  
and although I didn't particularly think highly  
of the restaurant across the street,  
I knew there was at least one decent meal,  
or maybe even two decent meals,  
that I could order and feel relatively satiated.  
Personally, I was a big fan of the Spicy Maki Platter,  
where you received eighteen pieces of tuna,  
salmon, and yellowtail sushi  
for just sixteen dollars.  
It's a great meal,  
and because of the economical price-point  
you don't feel like a complete asshole  
ordering it on someone else's tab.  
In any case, we arrive,  
my friend and I,  
perhaps we're actually lovers,  
but I don't want to go into a great deal of detail  
about my private life here,  
we might even live with each other  
in my apartment,  
but I'm not going into that now,  
we're in love with each other in a way  
that just feels profound,  
that's possible, but in any case we're there,  
at the restaurant, when my friend's cousins  
from out of town arrive,  
and almost immediately the conversation turns  
to the much discussed COVID-Nineteen vaccine,  
and being wholly sober as well as extremely hungry  
I decide to have no part of it,  
I don't mention anything about nonlinear distributions,  
the inherent dishonesty of all large governments  
over the course of human history.

VII. 546:721 .757

I choose to refrain from  
mentioning Elliot Abrams  
receiving a fifty dollar fine for trafficking

crack cocaine into every black community  
in America in the Nineteen-Eighties,  
I choose to refrain from mentioning any of this,  
as it wasn't the right time to discuss  
nonlinearities and Elliot Abrams,  
this was my conclusion at the time.  
I wasn't going to get caught up  
in the nature of probability distributions  
and Elliot Abrams' fifty dollar fine  
for selling large swathes of crack cocaine  
at the behest of the first Bush administration  
at that time. It would have been uncouth,  
ill-advised, as well as completely inappropriate.  
But in keeping my mouth shut  
I felt just a momentary tinge of agitation,  
in hearing these opinions I inveterately disagreed with,  
in refraining from uttering the phrases  
nonlinearity distributions and Elliot Abrams  
I became slightly agitated,  
the only antidote to my agitation  
would be to say the word nonlinearity aloud,  
which I had no intention of doing.  
I couldn't bring myself to say the word nonlinearity,  
and I had absolutely no intention  
of uttering the phrase Elliot Abrams  
at this restaurant,  
I couldn't do either without embarrassing myself,  
and I knew it.  
The fact of the matter is when an opinion  
I disagree with is expressed  
within my general proximity,  
and I act socially appropriately  
and refrain from sharing my true feelings  
on the matter, then I often  
feel this tinge of agitation,  
as if I was put on this Earth  
for the sole purpose  
of behaving inappropriately and expressing  
my honest opinions,  
no matter the cost socially.  
Instead I found myself

glancing intermittently at my friend's older cousin,  
just shamelessly speculating  
on his racial makeup—which I hate.  
I've been on the receiving end of this despicable behavior,  
and I'm sure you've experienced similar,  
and I despise people  
who just shamelessly speculate  
as to my racial makeup,  
I'm sure you despise them just as much,  
yet sitting across from  
this distant cousin of my friend,  
my lover perhaps,  
I sat in this silent hypocrisy,  
I sat there and shamelessly,  
continuously speculated on his racial makeup to myself,  
going so far as to take specific facial features  
into account and speculate  
on a geographic area of origin.  
It was grotesque.  
But that's unfortunately  
what I found myself doing in place of  
sharing my sincere opinions on nonlinear probability distributions  
and Elliot Abrams distributing crack cocaine  
to the black communities of the United States  
in the Nineteen Eighties—  
but of course no one can mention  
nonlinear distributions  
or Elliot Abrams selling crack anymore.

VIII. 501:685 .731

Governments have lied to us  
almost without pause  
since the invention of the nation-state,  
in just America alone  
we've seen the large-scale oppression  
of African-Americans  
over the course of centuries,  
the state-sanctioned poisonings  
of African-American communities  
with crack cocaine,

of lower class Caucasian communities  
with prescription pills,  
we have pop stars  
named Little Xanax,  
millions of children  
in this country fantasize  
about abusing prescription narcotics  
before they go to sleep at night  
and the FDA,  
a regulatory body with ample funding  
for regulating just this sort of behavior,  
apparently thinks nothing of it.  
We have one pop star  
named Little Xanax  
and zero pharmaceutical executives  
who've been prosecuted for producing  
this lurid state of affairs,  
and that's just scratching the surface  
in America,  
confining our inquiry to a single side  
of the Atlantic we haven't  
even mentioned the Turkish occupation,  
the genocides of Pol Pot,  
Hitler and the National Socialists,  
the Gulag, the famine of Mao,  
or the preponderance  
of other occupations,  
genocides, famines, and general debauchery  
which have occurred all across  
the globe more or less incessantly—  
yet now the United States government  
informs its citizens  
without a trace of irony  
that a fast-tracked vaccine  
is beyond reproach for any and everyone,  
with no long-term empirical evidence available,  
and if we question  
that then we're essentially  
excommunicated from decent society.  
We've become charlatans par excellence  
if we dare mention

the nature of nonlinear probability distributions,  
if we mention the fact that  
Elliot Abrams was fined fifty dollars for selling crack,  
if we utter the phrases  
nonlinear probability distribution  
or Elliot Abrams was a crack cocaine dealer  
we've apparently become fascists in this country.  
So I had no inkling of the racial makeup  
of this man sitting so innocently  
across from me,  
and eventually I just said to myself—  
you're disgusting, this is grotesque,  
take out your smartphone  
and dick around on that,  
for the sake of Christ Himself,  
just please remove your smartphone  
from your pocket this second.  
So we order our meals.  
My friend, who I may or may not  
be in love with,  
who orders right before me,  
orders the Spicy Maki Platter,  
so we both end up  
ordering the exact same meal,  
the Spicy Maki Platter,  
and I just shot her a look,  
I looked at her like  
Are you kidding me?  
We could have at least  
discussed this before the waitress  
asked for the orders,  
now we're ordering  
the same exact meal back to back.

IX. 483:668 .723

But then I think to myself  
Well, if she doesn't eat all eighteen pieces,  
which she won't,  
then I'll at least have the option  
to snag a sushi piece or two

if I'm not completely full after my eighteen.  
I guess I can be a bit gluttonous  
when it comes to sushi, but I also—  
in true Greek Orthodox fashion—  
tend to fast for  
significant portions of the day,  
so by the time dinner arrives I'm  
always prepared to stuff my face.  
I've read modern medicine  
is beginning  
to recognize value  
in this fast and feast  
regimen of eating,  
that the body perhaps  
functions more efficiently  
when it's deprived  
for a period of time.  
But in any case  
we both order the Spicy Maki Platter,  
and her dad,  
who's sat next to me,  
orders a shrimp noodle dish  
that has no appeal to me,  
not that I care,  
because I had no plans  
on sharing the meal with him,  
and when this shrimp noodle dish  
is served his initial reaction is  
Wow, this is big—and it is, it's huge.  
The portion is immense.  
And the noodles, it should be noted, are thick—  
it would be nearly impossible  
for one person to finish a plate  
of that magnitude,  
save for the morbidly obese,  
in just one sitting.  
So immediately,  
and only with the best of intentions,  
because her dad  
is one of the most well-intentioned individuals  
you'll ever come across,

her dad starts to offer me  
some of his dish, and initially  
I refuse not only because  
I find the dish unappealing  
but primarily because I'm eating my own meal.  
But this changes eventually.  
Famished as I found myself,  
I obviously finished my meal  
not only before anyone else  
at the table  
but considerably prior  
to anyone else  
at the table cleaning their plate—  
I'm sitting there  
with a completely clean plate  
while everyone else  
is at most halfway through their meal.  
And my friend is hardly eating  
her Maki Platter at all,  
instead she's busy munching her cousin's  
General Tso Shrimp,  
yet her dad, of course  
meaning well and noticing my empty dish,  
for the second time asks  
if I want some?  
No, no thank you, I'm full,  
I say, not thinking at all.  
Without a single thought in my skull  
I reply that I'm full—  
yet in retrospect what else could I say?  
How can you refuse  
a bite of someone's meal,  
especially on a second offer,  
without saying you're full?  
It's probably  
the only acceptable excuse,  
feigning fullness,  
but now I've placed myself  
in a bit of an imbroglio,  
because her dad thinks I'm full,  
but I'm actually the furthest possible thing from full—

because sushi never fills you.  
You finish a plate of sushi  
and the first thing you think is  
I could go for a little more sushi.

X. 441:639 .690

Eighteen pieces of fish-filled sushi  
and I'm not even remotely close  
to full.  
All my thoughts revolve around  
consuming more sushi,  
of which I see plenty,  
because my companion,  
my lover,  
is barely even touching her  
Spicy Maki Platter.  
So now I'm trying to devise  
a method of clandestinely sneaking a few pieces  
of said sushi into my mouth without  
my companion's dad noticing,  
not that he would care,  
but just on principle.  
I already inhaled my meal,  
eighteen pieces of fish-filled sushi,  
and now I'm claiming,  
to my friend's father, that I'm full,  
but then remorselessly consuming  
the sushi sitting next to my plate?  
That just wasn't a palatable option  
in my mind at the time.  
I wanted to avoid that scenario if possible.  
Yet as I'm concocting a plan  
to surreptitiously extract  
this foreign sushi into my mouth  
my friend's cousin takes her fork  
and starts eating her sushi—  
potentially my sushi.  
I'm watching my friend's father  
struggle to finish his  
gargantuan shrimp lo mein on my left,

then watching my friend's cousin  
methodically eat each leftover piece  
of this Spicy Maki Platter on my right.  
Then I look across the table  
and begin shamelessly racially speculating  
again, just to momentarily get  
my mind off this whole Spicy Maki-lo mein imbroglio.  
As the meal concluded there were  
two or three sushi pieces left,  
my companion says Have one,  
and I shake my head,  
realizing the entire endeavor,  
this mission to obtain more Spicy Maki,  
was doomed to failure.

I considered asking her to take the pieces home, but no—  
this urge for more Maki is misguided,  
I thought, it's already doomed to failure,  
it's too late for that.

The Spicy Maki Platter was delicious,  
but to take home the leftover sushi  
wasn't a palatable option to me at the time.  
And a funny thing occurred,  
I actually began to feel full  
as everyone else began  
to conclude their meals,  
despite remaining hungry immediately  
after finishing my eighteen pieces of sushi,  
by the time everyone else concluded their dinner  
I, somehow, no longer felt hungry,  
despite eating nothing in the interim,  
for the above said reasons.

But, in any case, onto this anecdote,  
so it was a few years ago  
at this point, Horatio  
was probably there,  
it was a more or less  
nondescript night,  
absolutely nothing of note  
was occurring,  
and I think all of us  
were at that point

questioning why we were even out,  
why we weren't at home  
sleeping like young children.

XI. 469:700 .670

We were at the Dean Hotel  
on Washington Street  
in a dark back bar  
called the Magdalena Room  
where nothing much of note  
was going on,  
nearly nothing of note  
was ever going on  
within the walls  
of this hotel bar,  
never mind in the back room,  
which was dimly lit  
in an almost abrasive way  
and usually at half capacity  
at best. But maybe  
that's what the venue intended,  
maybe the main goal  
of the venue was abrasive iterations  
of dim lighting  
and half capacities.  
In any case,  
I'm with a few friends,  
Horatio may have been there,  
and two well-to-do  
Anglo girls are there,  
and one of us—not me—  
attempts to co-mingle with  
the two Anglo girls,  
and a conversation ensues.  
One of our friends  
is without a doubt aiming to engage  
in consensual sexual encounters  
with these girls in the near future,  
at least if the encounter  
goes according to his plan,

however, his plan is about to go  
unexpectedly awry,  
things are in no way about to go  
according to his plan, and, inadvertently,  
I'm about to ensure his plan  
is foiled in an irreversible manner.  
Not in the slightest  
are things going according to his plan,  
and I'm inadvertently about to be  
the cause of the foiling.  
Inevitably both girls  
live in the plush part of the city,  
they don't have jobs,  
or they have jobs they clearly received  
due to statuses of being young and opulent,  
they inevitably begin to discuss  
the various properties their families' own,  
in San Francisco I believe,  
perhaps some other  
outrageously opulent areas of the US,  
maybe even overseas.  
I forget the specific locales,  
I actually paid little  
to no attention to anything  
either of these Anglo girls said,  
there were a few locales  
where their fathers' owned this property  
or that property,  
they'd summer here  
or they'd summer there,  
but it was all opulent in any case,  
some area where only  
the most egregious dickheads live.  
It didn't particularly offend me,  
yet their tone was condescending  
in a way that almost made you believe  
they viewed you as an equal,  
which infuriated me.  
When people inveterately believe  
themselves to be superior,  
yet still have the audacity

to condescend as if you're almost equals,  
it's infuriating.  
As it so happened,  
I'd been studying an extended documentary  
on the internet at work that afternoon,  
it was a slow afternoon that afternoon,  
regarding the mating habits of dolphins,  
in fact this video went into great detail  
regarding the specific mechanics  
of how dolphins perform sex,  
and I proceeded to share  
this information regarding the specific  
mechanics of dolphin sexual intercourse  
with the group.

XII. 520:719 .723

Apparently this was a bit of a faux paus on my part, Demo—  
it was clear these young females,  
although innocent enough,  
were just of a separate class,  
and they believed it,  
and they knew it,  
and they had no respect  
for the well verified intelligence of dolphins  
and their sexual mating mechanics.  
It was true to them that they were superior—  
their ancestors were having pebble wars  
and eating medium-rare squirrel,  
while our ancestors  
were writing extensive commentaries  
on metaphysics  
and enforcing complex systems of taxation,  
but in our current milieu  
they were both undoubtedly  
of superior stock  
to anyone else in the room,  
especially myself.  
That much could not be disputed,  
and I don't dispute it to this day.  
Yet to discuss

the intricacies of dolphin intercourse  
was, in their eyes, something revolting,  
something for lack of a better word classless.  
It was essentially a Marxist anecdote,  
noting specifically how dolphin penis penetrates  
dolphin vagina in the Magdalena Room that night.  
I grew up inundated with Anglo-Saxons, Demo,  
and I know when I'm being viewed  
as an Other, in fact  
I know it instinctively,  
it's something that essentially  
runs in my blood,  
and this was a particularly egregious case.  
And it became particularly egregious  
following my monologue  
illuminating the mechanics  
of dolphin intercourse.  
I may have made a few subsequent  
off-color comments once the conversation  
was clearly going completely downhill,  
once this discussion was clearly irreparable.  
I probably raised my voice  
to an inadvisable decibel level.  
But in any case  
I came to despise  
these two innocent young females.  
And in retrospect,  
if I'm holding myself  
to the highest standard of honesty,  
I despised them at first sight.  
The second our friend—  
Horatio may have been there—  
made the acquaintance  
of these two females  
I immediately despised them.  
Instinctively I knew  
the three of us could never be cordial,  
that perhaps the sacking of Constantinople  
in Twelve Oh Four still divided us  
in an immutable manner.  
I believe in the perpetuating characteristics

of blood, Demo, I don't  
care what the scientists say.  
Spirits are always among us  
and where better to bury  
themselves than within our bloodstreams?  
If the spirits of ancestors  
are buried anywhere  
it's without a doubt  
in our bloodstreams.  
If the tortured souls of our mutilated ancestors  
are buried anywhere in the world  
it's within our bloodstreams, Demo.  
From the second I saw  
these two innocent, decent-looking girls  
I despised them,  
and I never questioned it.  
Instinctively I knew  
discussing dolphin boners  
would be abhorrent  
to these innocent young females,  
and I relayed the anecdote  
without hesitation.

XIII. 448:606 .739

The second their faces filled with disgust  
at my anecdote I was satiated.  
If they walked into this room right now  
I'd immediately start to,  
yet again,  
discuss the mechanics  
of dolphin intercourse.  
Dolphins are highly intelligent mammals—  
why shouldn't we learn,  
in-depth, about their mating habits?  
It seems entirely logical to me,  
even now.  
Yet we should be honest with ourselves,  
we shouldn't mince words,  
we shouldn't cower to euphemism,  
because everyone is Anglo.

Maybe I haven't made  
that abundantly clear yet,  
but we're all essentially Anglo,  
we contain residual  
amounts of the Hellenic,  
we're direct descendants  
of the so-called Byzantine,  
the ρωμισσύνη,  
but essentially  
everyone is Anglo,  
us included.  
You may sit here  
and propose that,  
say, Puerto Ricans are somehow  
distinct from the median white,  
when in actuality  
Puerto Ricans are Anglo.  
But Dominicans are different, right?—  
no, Dominicans  
are actually Anglo as well.  
Afro-Americans  
are incredibly Anglo,  
in fact.  
The Portuguese are definitely Anglo,  
they're the apex of Anglo,  
the Spanish  
are also totally Anglo,  
and the Italians  
are as Anglo as anyone,  
Filipinos—we can't deny  
their essential Anglicism,  
because we're  
all essentially equally Anglo,  
wherever Catholicism  
and its metaphysics  
has spread,  
the Anglo world  
without a doubt has followed,  
wherever the sordid metaphysics  
of the Catholic church  
has planted its roots,

Anglicism has proliferated  
unabridged.  
Anglos, Franks,  
Venetians, Italians,  
the Germanic tribes,  
we shouldn't lose much sleep  
in distinguishing these terms,  
because they're all subsets  
of each other essentially,  
we shouldn't  
lie to ourselves about that.  
These terms encompass  
the entire world  
and for that reason  
subsequently mean  
essentially nothing.  
We all attempt to  
quarry groups of people  
off by the tint of their skin,  
the shapes of their eyes,  
the contours of their noses,  
the thickness of their lips,  
when the reality is  
everyone is essentially Anglo.  
Michael Jordan is incredibly Anglo.  
As are Larry Bird  
and Shaquille O'Neal.  
Caitlyn Jenner is nothing if not Anglo,  
and the Kardashians  
are the spitting image of Anglicism.

XIV. 448:651 .688

The world is incredibly complex,  
but at times  
it can be divided  
evenly into two—  
the Anglo world  
and the so-called Greek world,  
which no longer exists.  
The world is incredibly complex,

but at certain times  
it can be easily  
split down the middle,  
at times the world  
reduces to essentially  
two dimensions,  
in some ways the world  
only exists two dimensionally,  
the schism between  
the Catholicism  
that overtook the world  
and the Orthodoxy  
that eventually  
became more or less extinguished,  
maybe that's one instance  
of binary simplicity,  
the idea of a God  
who wants to hear your petty sins,  
who wants to speak with you  
and have some type of relationship.  
A personal relationship with God—  
it's the most absurd thing.  
It's essentially atheism.  
There's only one end-game  
to believing the alleged Creator  
of the Universe wants to hear  
about how you stole a bag of Lays chips  
from your University  
convenience store  
as an eighteen year old—  
the only end-game  
to that sort of metaphysics is atheism.  
It's ruthlessly dualist  
but also delightfully atheist.  
If you truly believe God  
wishes to speak with you  
about the young man  
you viciously threatened  
with violence when you were  
only nineteen years old  
then you're essentially an atheist.

That's how we could best describe it.  
An idea that  
the experience of God is summarized verbally,  
and that all spiritual experience  
must defer to an intellectual understanding of it—  
we're all Anglo now.  
Of course I despised  
those two innocent Anglo girls,  
because I saw myself in them—  
in so many ways  
I've become an innocent Anglo girl  
just by dint of living in the world  
in a continuous fashion.  
Why haven't I retired  
to an obscure mountain somewhere,  
to become ρωμιούσῶνη again?  
But that's why I have no qualms  
about despising certain people  
for no particular reason—  
because, at bottom,  
we're all essentially Anglo.  
Yet, if we're being honest  
with ourselves,  
it's only the homeless  
who truly recognize  
the absurdity of our  
alleged individualism—  
a poor guy sleeps in the street,  
and we act as if he murdered a man.  
Someone falls on hard times,  
begins drinking heavily,  
probably does a decent amount of drugs,  
he loses his job, his home,  
his wife leaves him,  
he's reduced to begging people  
on street corners  
for dollar bills and sleeping  
in alleyways, and we act as if  
his hardship is an inconvenience for us—  
we're offended at his poverty.  
I've experienced more malice

directed at bums  
in the past decade  
than any previous decade  
I can recall,  
the malice toward bums  
seems to be increasing  
in this country  
at an almost exponential rate.

XV. 553:720 .768

They view it  
as a severe affront  
to their liberty that a bum—  
who sleeps in alleys and  
remains parked essentially  
at death's door day and night—  
should ask them for spare change.  
Our society abjectly fails people,  
and people with alleged moral standing  
within our society can hardly  
be bothered to even witness a bum,  
to gaze at a bum for a brief period of time,  
if they're forced to even  
minimally interact with a bum  
they view it as a sort of sacrilege.  
Viewing a person sans a domicile  
is considered an affront to good taste.  
But who wouldn't toss a couple extra back  
if they no longer had  
a home?  
There's no doubt that to some extent we,  
all of us, have failed these people  
in some way that's probably material.  
It's one thing to be down and out,  
but to be on the street drinking  
a half-filled Coca-Cola bottle  
filled with illicit substances,  
asking strangers for money,  
clearly only partially aware of where  
you are, that should, frankly,

be shameful for all of us.  
Anyone can become a crack addict.  
If the history of crack in this country  
has taught us anything  
it's that anyone can become a crackhead.  
We're all capable of becoming crackheads,  
given the appropriate circumstances.  
The whites of America  
laughed at the blacks  
of America  
during the crack era,  
as the United States government  
pumped crack into black neighborhoods,  
only to, decades later,  
find entire lower-class white communities  
turned into junkies,  
backed by the United States government,  
backed by the pharmaceutical companies,  
who indiscriminately tossed heroin equivalents  
at any lower-class white  
with a sprained ankle  
that went to their physician.  
An entire generation of white junkies  
emerged seemingly overnight,  
the laughter of whites  
cackling at crack cocaine  
undoubtedly resounding in the background.  
Yet just as the black population of America  
essentially had no choice  
but to become black crackheads,  
the white population of America  
has similarly involuntarily transformed  
into white junkies.  
Pharmaceutical companies  
have attained multi-billion dollar market caps  
almost exclusively  
by turning poor whites into white junkies.  
Yet no one wants to deal with white junkies  
while they're drinking wine  
and having appetizers.  
The servers and the customers converse

about what steps the city  
should take to counteract  
the white junkies and the black crackheads  
who invade the lines of sight  
of people who've driven tens of miles  
to stuff their faces with calamari  
and mozzarella sticks and jalapeno poppers,  
to drink craft beers  
and suck down wine spritzers.  
These people just can't get enough trans fat,  
and they hate bums.  
These people spend hours a day  
examining the intricacies  
of craft beer  
but completely lack  
the temerity to even speak  
with a bum.

XVI. 516:676 .763

It never occurs to any of these people  
that their own latent malice  
is directly responsible for the dilapidated state  
of their fellow citizens,  
that their complicity,  
their myopic and enduring idiocy  
has directly resulted in a state  
that's shamelessly produced  
white junkies and black crackheads  
at alarming rates.  
It's a shame that the city isn't  
doing more,  
these people  
say without a trace  
of irony,  
and then they discuss  
the tangerine aftertaste  
in an overpriced craft beer.  
Do you taste tangerine at all?—  
No, I was getting a bit of a Bartlett pear  
aftertaste!

The people who drink craft beer,  
it seems to me,  
despite their advantageous  
and calculated poses of liberalism,  
are the most unapologetically  
capitalist criminals we have in  
this country.  
I've never heard a craft beer  
enthusiast apologize  
for the idiocy  
of his calculated liberal poses.  
The craft beer drinkers  
instead maintain a transparent pose  
of benign liberalism,  
yet spend all of their time trying to  
detect the slightest trace  
of Bartlett pear in a Coconut India Pale Ale—  
as opposed to even attempting to help  
any of their fellow human beings.  
These people who support craft beer choose  
to buy brands that allegedly donate  
to Good Causes,  
they post to social platforms  
to make people they don't know aware  
that they buy The Socially Responsible Beers,  
knowing entirely well that  
all of these donations are essentially criminal,  
that none of this money  
ever reaches the people  
it needs to reach,  
which is readily apparent,  
because when they sit down to order  
said craft beer all they see are bums.  
Only a craft beer drinker  
would conclude the most efficient way  
of helping his fellow human being  
is buying more craft beer.  
The reality is none of us know  
what to do with bums,  
we're privy to no bum solutions,  
no solution to our bum problems,

yet we know all of these bums  
are essentially Anglo.  
The white junkie and black crackhead  
are both at bottom entirely Anglo.  
We know how to produce bums,  
but we have no idea  
what to do with these bums  
once we've produced them.  
We produce bums shamelessly,  
and then even more shamelessly  
we shun these bums  
from acceptable society.  
You'll never meet a person  
at a restaurant downtown  
who used to be a bum.  
It's impossible for bums to re-enter into society,  
there's a wall,  
an insurmountable wall that's constructed around  
every bum in this country,  
between the streets of a downtown  
and the restaurants of a downtown.  
A restaurant-goer can become a bum,  
but a bum will never again become a restaurant-goer.

XVII. 500:689 .726

The harsh reality is that there's little we can do  
for our fellow citizens  
who've reached such dilapidated states  
more than simply talking to them,  
and this is something anyone who's been  
in a dilapidated state  
knows to be profoundly true.  
The entire industry of strippers  
and whores, in fact,  
should be rehabilitated based  
on this point alone,  
because no one in our society  
gives the dilapidated person  
more time of day than the exotic dancer.  
It's undoubtedly true that, this century,

the exotic dancing community  
has done more for the dilapidated person community  
than the Catholic church community.  
Because strippers and whores  
innately give the dilapidated person  
the time of day,  
any stripper worth her salt  
instinctively knows how to speak to the dilapidated soul,  
the dilapidated person  
just needs someone to listen to a sob story  
for a second of time,  
for someone to care for a fraction  
of an iota of their day,  
to pretend to care in a way  
that's not grossly condescending  
in the classic bureaucratic manner.  
Yet there's this misguided notion  
that the stripper only talks to customers,  
when in fact the stripper speaks  
to infinitely more potential customers  
than actual customers—  
the successful stripper, in fact,  
has no more than a small handful  
of customers that pay her bills,  
and, by contrast,  
it's these potential customers  
who are infinitely more likely to be dilapidated.  
The actual customer is more likely to be opulent and jovial,  
unrestrained and decadent,  
while the potential customer  
is almost always entirely dilapidated.  
Giving this potential customer the time of day  
is almost a religious act on the parts of the strippers and whores.  
And it's for precisely this reason  
I have so much more respect  
for strippers and whores than I do  
for the median craft beer drinker.  
We believe craft beer drinkers  
are laudable members of our society,  
while we denigrate strippers and whores,  
but I actually find strippers and whores

to be laudable members of our society,  
while I denigrate craft beer drinkers.  
There's only so much you can do  
for a guy who's become a bum on the street,  
one particular bum approached me  
on a second date in an alleyway  
and referred to the girl  
I was with as my wife,  
and I gave him ten dollars,  
but even that ten dollars wasn't sincere,  
that ten dollars was a disingenuous ten dollars,  
it was obviously for the benefit of the girl I was with.  
You need to speak to people  
in dilapidated states,  
largely because it's the only thing  
you can do that will, at bottom,  
have a palpable effect.

XVIII. 506:657 .770

What happens to them  
will largely be fatalistic,  
it will be a matter of fate  
statistically speaking,  
but it's just utter cruelty to ignore them,  
to treat them as people  
who don't deserve the time of day,  
not even an iota of your afternoon,  
to complain to your waiter  
because a white junkie in your line of sight  
is ruining the Bartlett pear aftertaste  
of your ten dollar IPA.  
But this is what's happened  
to so many downtowns,  
these same downtowns  
I still go to,  
these downtowns that have my memories  
folded into them,  
maybe a decade or more folded into them—  
they've become inundated  
with craft beer drinkers.

It's not the bums who offend me, no,  
it's the craft beer drinkers who offend me.  
It's the people who believe twelve dollars  
for a beer is an appropriate price to pay  
for a beverage.  
It's the people who think discussing  
the aftertaste of hops  
is an appropriate conversation  
to have in public.  
It's the people who believe strippers  
and whores are people  
we should look down upon a priori—  
it's the people who maintain  
all the socially appropriate opinions  
but display all of the most cowardly tendencies.  
Our downtowns are being ruined by these people,  
who have the correct opinions  
on every issue—  
at bottom all these people care about  
is maintaining the correct opinion  
on any issue at hand.  
Our downtowns were once great places  
to grab a slice of pizza,  
filled with bums and strippers and whores,  
but now our downtowns are inundated  
with craft beer drinkers  
and fried calamari and mozzarella sticks  
and jalapeno poppers  
and people who have socially acceptable opinions  
on everything. It's disgusting  
really. But of course all rationalism  
is little more than absurdist propaganda.  
It's only via rationalism,  
an essentially Anglo concept,  
that we find ourselves within a prism  
where everything is Anglo,  
where every white junkie and black crackhead  
are equally Anglo.  
It's only when we attend the funerals  
of close friends who die  
absurdly young that we realize this,

that all rationalism  
is little more than lurid absurdist propaganda.  
Only people who attend these funerals  
understand this from experience.  
We realize not just the absurdity  
of these conversations  
but the absurdity of ourselves,  
and, even in my case,  
it was only a few years ago  
when a good friend of mine finally,  
after years of seemingly ceaseless suffering,  
gave in to late stage brain cancer.  
The entire ordeal was criminal,  
and to be clear I was probably  
one of the most criminal.

XIX. 434:601 .722

My social criminality has perhaps  
never been more acute  
than during this period of my life.  
My friend was diagnosed  
with late stage brain cancer  
and moved back in with his parents where,  
not long after,  
he suffered a seizure while driving,  
totaled his car,  
and was from then on forbidden to drive.  
So naturally, being a good friend,  
being actually a better friend to him  
than even a few of the friends  
he'd had for decades,  
a better friend at least  
in terms of time spent,  
I took it upon myself to drive  
to his parents' house multiple times per week,  
after work, where I already had a decent commute,  
which wasn't an insignificant drive,  
to his parents' house,  
to hang out with him,  
to pick him up and then drive him

to other places where we'd hang out  
for a reasonable amount of time,  
where afterward I'd drive him back  
to his parents' house.  
This was a difficult ordeal for my friend,  
as you can imagine,  
and there were various series of ups and downs—  
had I been born into wealth  
I'd have done whatever he asked,  
but being a working stiff  
there was only so much that I could do,  
there were times he wanted to get  
an ice cream cone and I,  
unfortunately, had to do laundry.  
A young man with late stage brain cancer,  
essentially a death sentence,  
wanted to buy me a mint chocolate chip waffle cone,  
but I had to politely decline  
because I needed to wash my boxer briefs.  
In any case his girlfriend,  
who was younger than the two of us  
yet still young, dumped him not long after,  
and from this we concluded  
that apparently waiting for him  
to die was too much of a burden for her,  
which in retrospect I suppose is fair enough,  
not everyone has the patience to wait for someone to die,  
a terminal illness, for some people,  
can just be a bit too inconvenient,  
a tad too cumbersome.  
At the time, I didn't think much of it,  
my friend was fairly torn up about it,  
and who could blame him?—  
but, again, with the exception of consoling a person  
in a more or less generic way  
there's not much we can realistically do.  
We can tell our dying friend  
that his ex-girlfriend is a terrible person,  
a tawdry whore,  
that he deserves better,  
but the reality is there's nearly nothing

you can tell a young person who,  
in all likelihood, will die a slow death,  
there's next to nothing  
you can tell him that will comfort him  
when his attractive girlfriend ruthlessly leaves him.

XX. 483:709 .681

It's great to say,  
it's an appealing idea to think  
that we can arrive at the door of a dying  
young man and alter his life  
for the better,  
but it's significantly more difficult  
than you might think,  
in practice it's more or less an impossibility.  
You imagine at the time  
that you're saying something uniquely enlightening  
when in reality you're just mindlessly spewing  
generic condolences—  
generic condolences that are hardly of any help at all.  
Having said that, during my day-to-day routine  
I thought almost nothing of his ex-girlfriend,  
I left it at that,  
I thought she was taking the easy way out,  
there's no doubt about that,  
but I didn't necessarily curse her name  
in my personal time,  
I felt like it was her decision,  
and ultimately if she felt as though  
my friend wasn't the person  
she wanted to wait for,  
in a terminal sense,  
then I respected that as her decision,  
that there was little any of us could do  
besides respect her decision  
and speak poorly of her behind her back.  
I didn't think much of it at all actually  
until the following weekend when I was at a bar  
around closing time with a close friend,  
and I felt a tap on my shoulder,

only to find this ex-girlfriend  
of my dying friend.  
She said  
she just wanted to say hi,  
and subsequently I said hello,  
yet only a few moments later  
I received yet a second tap on the shoulder.  
Now this ex-girlfriend's friend,  
who accompanied her to the locale,  
was standing in front of my person,  
and she proceeded to inform me  
that I was quote-unquote "kind of rude"  
to my dying friend's ex-girlfriend,  
that I could have said hello  
just a little more cordially,  
this friend of my dying friend's ex-girlfriend  
actually had the audacity  
to stand there and with in a state of sincerity  
speak these exact words to me,  
to proclaim that it was actually me,  
that I was the person who was committing  
the faux pas here,  
that I was the one just a little out of line,  
that my less than enthusiastic hello  
was the true affront to good taste here.  
Given the circumstances,  
my tendency toward the intemperate  
took hold of me,  
and I informed them both  
of my feelings on the matter,  
that I perhaps informed them of my feelings  
in an acerbic manner,  
in perhaps the most acerbic manner  
I could imagine  
at the time.  
I let them know in no uncertain terms  
who I believed was committing  
the true faux pas at this bar,  
late in the evening,  
where we were all inebriated.  
In any case, just moments later

I received an additional tap on my shoulder.  
The bouncer of the bar  
stood in front of me,  
rather apathetic,  
and informed me that I needed  
to leave  
the premises because  
“the girl over there,” quote-unquote,  
was claiming I physically hit her.

XXI. 596:752 .793

A girl who just dumped my dying friend  
said hello to me then had her friend  
verbally assault me for allegedly  
not being enthusiastic enough  
when I returned her reprehensible hello,  
then I subsequently verbally assaulted  
both her and her friend  
for concerning themselves  
with enthusiastic greetings  
as opposed to people dying arduous deaths,  
then she falsely accused me  
of physically hitting her  
in a public place.  
Luckily enough for me,  
this notion that a person  
punched a female in a venue  
densely packed at that capacity,  
yet managed to land a punch  
so clandestinely no one in the venue noticed,  
that no eye witnesses emerged  
was absurd to all parties involved,  
yet I still vigorously plead my case,  
because I'd never plead guilty when innocent,  
so I vigorously defended  
my name against what I correctly  
interpreted to be a total defamation  
of my character,  
against this tasteless  
character assassination,

a legitimate assassination attempt,  
all, unbelievable as it may seem,  
as a subsequent result  
of me refusing to return  
an enthusiastic hello.  
An unenthusiastic hello  
nearly turned me into an alleged felon,  
and as I'm defending  
myself vigorously,  
perhaps even excessively vigorously,  
the ex-girlfriend ambles over  
with her degenerate friend  
and admits that her claim  
was entirely fabricated,  
that it had absolutely no basis in reality—  
and then the ex-girlfriend  
and her degenerate friend,  
the true Nazi of enthusiastic greetings,  
drive right off,  
admitting in so many words  
that they were in the business of assassinating  
the character of anyone who failed to say hello  
to them enthusiastically,  
that they equated a less than enthusiastic  
greeting with physical violence.  
The next morning I received  
a call from my sick friend,  
and as he addressed  
the situation from the previous night,  
it became relatively clear to me  
that he was,  
for lack of a better phrase,  
taking her side.  
In my mind at the time this defense  
of this person  
was synonymous  
with taking her side,  
which, as you can imagine,  
led to a bit of a falling out between us,  
as he found himself  
attempting to work things out

with a girl who now  
hated every aspect of my being  
and vice versa.

It was a bit of an imbroglio,  
because now I found myself  
essentially abandoning my dying friend  
as well.

I gave his ex-girlfriend  
an extended harangue  
regarding her ruthless abandonment  
of my dying friend,  
then just days later  
I found myself also ruthlessly abandoning him.  
Eventually we'd see each other again,  
my dying friend and I,  
we'd spend limited time together  
here and there, of course,  
our friendship didn't cease completely,  
and it was fine,  
there was no bitterness per se,  
but our friendship,  
frankly, was obviously never the same.

XXII. 522:679 .769

His ex-girlfriend abandoned him,  
then she felt as though  
I gave her an insincere hello  
at a bar, then I disclosed  
my true thoughts on her character,  
her despicable character,  
her ruthless abandonment  
of my dying friend,  
then just days later  
I also ruthlessly abandoned  
my dying friend.  
It took quite a long time for him to die—  
he lost his sight,  
and he was almost entirely blind,  
he was admitted to hospitals  
in a terminally intermittent fashion,

visiting with high-priced specialists  
that brought nothing other than  
utter financial ruin to his family,  
and eventually he was enclosed  
in his bedroom from sunset to dawn to dinner,  
in his parents' house,  
an only child, abandoned by both  
his girlfriend and his good friend.  
Four years later I heard  
that he'd entered hospice,  
that he laid on his deathbed,  
and I arranged to pay him  
a visit the subsequent morning  
with my cousin, but he died overnight.  
Days later, his mother noted  
to a mutual friend  
that she'd prefer his impending funeral  
to be a small ceremony,  
that she didn't want it to be a big crowd,  
and I considered not attending  
before being ultimately convinced  
by a mutual friend to attend.  
Against my better judgment  
I attended the funeral,  
yet the second I saw my dead friend's  
made-up corpse in the coffin,  
the second I stepped in sight of the coffin,  
a bout of intense regret came over me,  
and I realized I had no business attending this funeral,  
that I abandoned my dying friend,  
and then I had the audacity to attend his funeral,  
essentially against his own mother's wishes—  
not explicitly against his mother's wishes  
but implicitly against his mother's wishes.  
There was no doubt his mother most likely  
would have preferred I not attend.  
There was no doubt, if pressed,  
she would have at least been agnostic  
vis-a-vis my attendance, which,  
considering her preference  
was a small ceremony,

is tantamount to preferring my absence.  
Via the procession line,  
it was clear his parents clearly either  
didn't remember me or deliberately forgot me.  
In my seat I ceaselessly  
speculated whether they didn't remember me  
or deliberately forgot me.  
Me—the guy who used to always go pick up their son,  
what a great guy,  
I used to go pick their son up  
more frequently than even his childhood friends,  
I was such a nice guy,  
yet eventually of course  
I stopped coming around,  
I abandoned their dying son  
like we all eventually abandon the terminally ill,  
and subsequently his parents forgot about me,  
and rightfully so.  
It would have actually been  
distasteful for them to remember me.

XXIII. 549:733 .749

The moment I witnessed,  
in my dead friend's father's eyes,  
that he either intentionally  
or unintentionally forgot my identity  
I knew attending this funeral  
was a grave mistake.  
I sat back down in my black  
fold out chair and said to myself  
This is the last funeral I'll attend,  
because attending a funeral  
is always a mistake,  
it's the most insipid mistake  
we can make.  
Attending a wedding may be  
a faux pas but attending a funeral  
is always an inane mistake.  
We all gather around,  
all friends and family,

to gaze idiotically at a stiff corpse,  
then we go eat at a local restaurant—  
we all mindlessly stare at a dead body,  
then we have a nice meal.  
There's nothing more disingenuous  
than a funeral, and the most disingenuous funerals  
are those held for the young.  
An essentially interminable disease,  
but the medical professional made  
a significant fortune in the process.  
A career's worth for the working class, no doubt.  
They extended his suffering,  
the suffering of his family,  
the suffering of everyone around him,  
then allowed him to die.  
How many hundreds of thousands of dollars,  
if not millions of dollars,  
were spent, only to extend  
a man's suffering and still allow him  
to perish prematurely?  
But of course they still accepted payment,  
because you never get  
an A for effort in this country,  
unless you're a medical professional.  
It's only doctors who have the audacity  
to extend a son's suffering,  
watch him die, and still ruin the family financially.  
We think so highly of doctors in this country,  
yet it seems to me that doctors are greater charlatans  
now than they've ever been.  
But of course I attended the reception as well,  
where the disingenuous nature  
of the entire event really came into focus.  
The disingenuous nature  
of the entire ordeal naturally reached  
its apex at the reception,  
as it became just another social event.  
It's impossible to have an iota of respect for yourself  
or the society you participate in  
after attending an event of that magnitude.  
Sitting in that black fold-out chair,

staring at my dead friend's heavily made up corpse,  
it failed to occur to me then—  
I was too consumed with disgust for myself—  
but in retrospect  
my only conclusion from that day is just that,  
that rationalism is nothing more  
than the most lurid form of absurdist propaganda.  
We've constructed a rationalist Anglo world  
that hasn't consumed everything,  
not quite yet, but that still remains essentially objectionable,  
just as the mystic Byzantine world,  
it's natural opposite, was,  
in its essence, also entirely objectionable.  
And the doctors who treat our dead friends,  
prolonging their suffering and buying homes  
in the Hamptons with the criminal proceeds,  
they're objectionable in every way.

XXIV. 368:499 .737

And the people  
who assassinate our characters  
because they feel as though  
we're not enthusiastic enough  
when we say hello to them at bars,  
they're criminals of the highest magnitude.  
But we ourselves  
are just as objectionable  
as any of these actors,  
we're also criminals  
of the highest magnitude,  
we're perhaps the most objectionable.  
We astutely recognize  
our opposites as criminal  
because we exist as parts  
of the same criminal whole.  
We don't know how to deal  
with death anymore.  
We think our scientists  
and our doctors are progressing,  
that they'll eventually progress

to a state where they'll once  
and for all understand death,  
once and for all  
when the sad reality  
is we remain at the apex  
of the primitive with regards  
to quote-unquote dealing with death.  
We're essentially  
an indigenous population  
when it comes to interacting with death.  
We're zealots of progress,  
and as such we're  
ill-equipped to interact  
with any sort of profundity,  
because we're suspended in progress,  
we're stuck waiting for our scientists  
and doctors to give us the word,  
to give us the word  
that they've finally gotten  
to the so-called bottom of death.  
Previous generations spoke profoundly  
in the face of death,  
while our generation serves cole slaw  
and chicken parmigiana at funeral receptions,  
the images of corpses  
still fresh in our mind.  
Previous generations understood death  
in a profoundly general sense  
if hardly at all in a specific sense.  
We consume mozzarella sticks  
in the face of death,  
we eat jalapeno poppers  
in the face of death,  
we drink craft beer with idiotic tangerine aftertastes  
in the face of death.  
It's, frankly, only the homeless of our era  
who truly recognize the ills of the private sphere—  
'by examining the nature of sensible things,  
these people have arrived at a certain concept of God,  
but not at a conception truly worthy of Him.'

2. The Diagrammatic Text  
12,379:16,742 .739

01— 523:741 .706

[A]s a [m][a]tter of [f][a][c]t, I was just te[l]ling De[m]o as [w]e [w]al[k]ed up to your [f][i][a]t, I've [b]een [j]u[s]t a [t]ad [p][r]eo[cc]u[p]ied of [l]ate with a night I a[c]tua[l]ly [j]u[s]t [r]e[m]em[b]ered [t]o[d]ay, [f][r]om years ago a[c]tua[l]ly, [c]omp[li]e[te][l]y [n]on-de[s]c[ri]pt, entire[l]y in[c]on[s]e[que]ntial at [f]a[c]e va[l]ue, yet it was a [n]ight [t]hat [n]one[th]e[le]ss, [n]ow [t]h[in]k[ing] it [t]h[rough], is e[ss]entially [i]nd[i]c[at]ive of my t[r]ue [c]ha[r]a[c]ter. It was [a] n[igh]t, v[i]a pure instin[ct], [l]a[wo]wed my true [c]o[l]ors to [sh]ow, and of [c]ourse I was a[sh]amed at [f]ir[s]t, who isn't di[s]gu[s]t[ed] at [f]ir[s]t [s]ight of their [t]rue [c]olors, but as the years h[a]ve [p]a[ss]ed I've [c]ome to the [c]o[n]c[lu]sion [t]hat [t]here's a[c]tually no[t]hing a [p]r[i]o[r]i w[r]ong with my t[r]ue [c]o[l]ors—a[c]tua[l]ly, if anything, it's [q]uite the [c]o[n]t[r]a[r]y. My t[r]ue [c]o[l]ors, of [c]ourse I [c]an't change them, but [e]ven [i]f [l] [c]o[u]ld [l] w[ou]ldn't. Be[c]ause [e]ven though my t[r]ue [c]olors [r]e[qu]ire a [p]r[e]r[e]q[ui]s[i]te, a [p]erh[a]ps un[a]pp[et]izing [p]r[e]r[e]q[ui]s[i]te, a [p]r[e]r[e]q[ui]site that, ye[s], that I [l]o[ve] the [c]ertain [p]e[o]p[le] for n[ot] r[e]a[s]on. [B]ut [e]ve[n] [t]hough [t]hat may in f[a]c[t] [b]e the [c]a[s]e, I [b]el[ieve] it's a[c]tually [p]ro[p]er to [l]o[ve] the [c]ertain [p]e[o]p[le] for a[b]so[lu]te[l]y [n]o r[e]a[s]on, [w]ith [n]o ju[s]tification [w]hat[s]o[ever], that h[a]t[ing] [p]e[o]p[le] [s]ans [p]r[e]text [i]n [f]act entire[l]y ne[c]e[ss]ar[y], and I may [e]ven [l]e[a]p [f]urther and [s]tate outright [t]hat [t]he[s]e [c]ertain [p]e[o]p[le], whom w[e] [l]o[ve] the [s]ans [p]retext, may a[c]tua[l]ly deserve th[is] [i]nten[s]e [l]o[ve] and un[p]rov[o]k[ed] hatred, [b]ut let me [b]egin, [p]lease. [B]e[c]ause to [b]e[g]in w[ith], [i]t was an era where I [f]ound my[s]el[f] [s]p[en]d[ing] a[n] i[n]or[d]inate amount of [t]ime at [s]o[c]ial events that I [l]o[ve]d—I [l]o[ve]d b[oth] [c]on[t]emplating my future a[t]tendan[c]e of these [e]ve[n]t[s] a[n]d the[n] my a[c]tual a[t]t[en]da[n]c[e] of these [e]ve[n]t[s]. [P]e[o]p[le], ul[t]imatel[y], have no [c]outh—to this day, [f]or exam[p]le, I o[f]ten [f]i[n]d m[y]sel[f] [p]r[es]ent at [s]o[c]ial gathe[r]ings where a [q]u[ote]-un[q]u[ote] [v]egeta[b]le [p]l[ate], a[l]ong with a [v]egeta[b]le [d]i[n]g, [i]s [p]r[es]ent[ed] as an hors [d]'oeuvre, and

I'm [a][l]most [a][l]ways a [l]ittle [l]et [d]own by the qua[l]it[y] of the ce[l]er[y]. [A]t th[a]t [p]arti[c]u[l]ar [s]tage in m[y] [l]if[e], in [f]a[c]t, the e[r]a I'm [s]p[ea]king of, [l]'d [r]e[c]on[c]i[le]d m[y][s]el[f] to the [f]a[c]t that [l] [h]ad [i]nt[r]i[n]s[i]cally [h]i[gh]er [s]tandards than mo[s]t [w]hen it [c]ame to [c]e[l]ery, [c]u[c]umbers as [w]ell—[l] a[n]a[l]yzed [p]ro[du]ce with a[n] [a][c]uit[y], [f]r[an]k[ly], [m]o[s]t of [m]y [p]eers would never [a]chieve. Having [s]aid [th]at, to [th]i[s] day the majo[r]it[y] of ho[s]ts in our [c]ount[r]y have [n]ext to [n]o [c]outh when it [c]omes to [s]erving [c]ele[r]y or [c]u[c]umbers. [F]or[c]ed to [a]ttend a [s]o-[c]alled [p]o[s]t wedding [b]runch ju[s]t a [f]ew months [p]r[i]or to the events [l]'m [a]b[ou]t to re[l]ay, I was [a]pp[al]led at the [q]ua[l]it[y] of [c]u[c]um[b]e[r]s [s]e[r]ved—[a] [c]u[c]um[b]e[r], [a]b[ove] [a]ll else, [sh]ould be refre[sh]ing. A [p]ie[c]e of [c]e[l]er[y], i[d]ea[l]y, [i]s [s]im[i]lar to [s]ipp[ing] a fresh g[la]ss of ic[e] water on a ze[s]ty [s]ummer [d]ay. The [s]our[c]e of thi[s] [r]e[g]r[et]table [d]e[g]r[ad]ation in the [q]ua[l]it[y] of our [c]e[l]er[y] and [c]u[c]umbers un[d]oubted[ly] [s]tems f[r]om Ame[r]i[c]a's ove[r]re[l]ian[c]e on [d]ip.

02—570:752 .758

[D]ip, [i]n ou[r] e[r]a, has [l]ite[r]a[l]y and figu[r]ative[ly] [b]e[c]ome the hors [d]oeuvre, it's [b]e[c]ome [c]ultu[r]a[l]y a [c]c[e]ptable to utter[ly] ig[n]ore the [q]ua[l]it[y] of the [c]e[l]er[y] and [c]u[c]um[b]e[r]s, [t]wo of the m[ost] [r]e[fr]eshing yet deli[c]iate vegeta[b]les k[n]o[wn] [t]o our [s]p[eci]es, at [s]ocial gatherings [b]e[c]ause it's [a]ss[um]ed [c]on[s]u[m]ers' [a]ttention will [b]e fo[c]u[s]ed [a]l[m]o[s]t [s]ole[ly] on the [d]ip. Yet it's [p]re[c]i[s]e[ly] the [d]ip that [n]egates the [n]ut[r]it[i]o[n]al [b]enefi[t]s of the [c]e[l]er[y], as well as the [c]u[c]um[b]e[r]s. Ameri[c]ans [n]o [l]onger [c]on[s]ume [v]egeta[b]les—they [c]on[s]ume [v]egeta[b]les with d[i]ps and [s]au[ces] that o[b]i[terate] all [p]o[ss]i[b]le [n]ut[r]it[i]o[n]al [b]enefi[t]s of a ve[g]eta[b]le. These dip[s] and [s]au[ces] [a]n[n]ih[i]l[ate] the [i]nt[r]i[n]s[i]cally [r]e[fr]e[sh]ing [e]ss[e]n[c]e[s] of our v[e]getables. Gu[e]ss[ts] att[e]nding th[e]se [p]arti[es] could rel[ie]ve themselves all over th[e]se [q]u[ote]-un[q]u[ote] vegeta[b]le [p]l[ates] and [n]ot miss a [b]ea[t] [n]ut[r]it[i]o[n]a[l]y—they'd pro[b]a[b]ly [e]ven [f]ail to [n]ot[i]c[e] a d[i]ff[er]en[c]e in ta[s]te, with the a[m]ou[n]t of sour [c]r[eam] [c]u[r]rent[ly] [f]o[un]d in the [m]e[d]i[an] Ame[r]i[c]an [d]ip.

[D]u[r]ing this e[r]a of [m]y l[i]fe, al[m]o[s]t eve[r]y [w]eek I [w]ould [s][p]end [t]w[o] [t]o [f]ive m[i]n[u]tes [i]n the [p]rodu[c]e [s][e][c]tion arduou[s][l]y [s]e[l]e[c]t[ing] on[l]y the [f]ine[s]t [c][e][l]ery [s]tal[k]s and mo[s]t [c]on[c]rete [c]u[c]umbers, touching all the [c]u[c]um[b]ers [i]n d[i]sc[r]i[m]inate[l]y, with no [r]egard for the [c]u[s]tomers who [i]nev[ita]b[l]y would touch these [s]ame [c]u[c]um[b]ers a[f]ter [l]’d [f]i[n]a[l]ly [m]ade [m]y [s]e[l]e[c]tion—[b]e[c]ause, to [t]his [d]a[y], [t]here’s nothing more [d]e[fe]n[s]ing than a [s]tal[k] of [c]e[l]ery gone [f]l[at] by mid-wee[k], yet there’s nothing more u[p]l[i]f[t]ing than a [f]resh[l]y cho[pp]ed [s]tal[k] of [c]e[l]ery, and the [s]ame [c]an [b]e [s]aid [f]or [c]u[c]um[b]ers. Yet, as [s]o-[c]alled G[r]ee[k]-[A]me[r]i[c]ans, none of u[s] should b[e] [s]ur[p]rised at thi[s] [s]tate of [a]ffairs, with a vegetable di[p] ma[s]k[ing] the [r]e[fr]e[sh]in[g] [e]ss[en]c[e] of the g[e]nuine arti[c]le, [s]o to [s]p[ea]k—and th[i]s br[ing]s [m]e to a [m]uch [l]arger point, a [m]ore [g]r[an]d[i]ose [i]ssue, [i]f you’ll a[l]low me to [d]i[g]re[ss] just [s]l[i]ght[l]y [b]e[fore] [l] [b]e[gin] my [a]nec[d]ote, the [a]nec[d]ote I’ve [a]dmitted[l]y [b]een o[b]s[e]ssing [o]ver for [w]eek[s] now, [w]hich [w]i[l]l [i]nev[ita]b[l]y, I [b]e[l]ie[ve], [b]e[c]ome the [c]rux of [m]y argu[m]ent here. [B]e[c]ause there’s [e]nd[l]e[ss] [d]i[s]cussion to [d]ay with regard to our [s]o-[c]alled world, our a[l]l[e]ge[d] [W]e[s]te[r]n [w]o[r]ld, but [i]t’s [i]m[p]e[r]ative we define our terms w[i]th [r]i[g]or as o[pp]osed to [c]arele[ss]ne[ss]—be[c]ause it’s [t]oo often [t]hat we [t]row [t]erms in[t]o [t]he e[th]er w[i]l[l]y-n[on]l[y]. In short, it’s [e]n[t]ire[l]y [p]ossible we’re confusing [e]x[t]en[s]io[n] with [i]n[t]e[r]p[r]e[t]a[t]io[n] as it [r]e[l]ates to our [W]e[s]te[r]n [w]o[r]ld. There’s [e]nd[l]e[ss] tal[k] of this [W]e[s]te[r]n [w]o[r]ld, [b]ut let’s [b]e [s]p[e]c[i]f[i]c, thi[s] [W]e[s]te[r]n [w]o[r]ld [i]s, [i]n [f]a[c]t, [l]i[t]tle more tha[n] a[n] Ang[l]o [w]o[r]ld, it’s [n]ot [s]im[p]l[y] a [n]on[d]e[s]c[r]i[p]t [W]e[s]te[r]n [w]o[r]ld, it’s al[s]o an [a]c[tual [A]ng[l]o world—our [c]ivi[l]ization, [s]o to [s]p[e]a[k], is [n]omi[n]a[l]ly [c]on[s]id[er]ed We[s]te[r]n, [n]omi[n]a[l]ly [c]on[s]id[er]ed G[r]ae[c]o-[R]o[m]an, y[e]t th[e]re’s a [b]ar[b]a[r]ism at [p]lay here, the[r]e’s a n[e]f[ar]ious v[e]geta[b]le di[p] [b]u[r]ying the [g]e[n]uine article here.

03—635:866 .733

In [a]ctu[a]lity, the [W]este[r]n [w]o[r]ld [i]s [l]i[t]tle [m]ore than a [m]isn[o]mer for the Ang[l]o [w]o[r]ld, [w]h[i]ch [i]s [e]sse[n]tia[l]y

the Am[er]ica[n] [w]orld, [a]nd the [A]ngl[o] [w]orld, in [a][c]tu[a][l]it[y], is [n]ot [a]n ex[t]ension of Gr[ae][c][o]-[R][o]man [A]n[t]i[q]uit[y], [n]o, [i]t's s[i]m[p]l[y] a[n] [i][n]t[er]p[r]e[t]ation of that world—and even [th]at in[t]erp[r]e[t]ation was a [p]urely [s]ub[s]equent in[t]erp[r]e[t]atio[n], a[n] i[n]t[er]p[r]e[t]atio[n] i[n] [r]e[s]p[on]se to a[n] i[n]t[er]p[r]e[t]ation. [B]e[c]ause the [p]r[im]ary in[t]erp[r]e[t]ation of [A]n[t]i[q]uity [c]ame from [C]onst[a]n[t]in[o]p[le] [a]nd [A]n[t]i[o]ch [a]nd [A]lexan[d]ria, in the s[o]-[c]alled [B]yzantine world, and only then [d]id this [A]nglo world i[n]d[u]lge i[n] a [s]ub[s]e[qu]ent in[t]erp[r]e[t]ation of the Gr[ae][c][o]-[R][o]man [A]n[t]i[q]u[it]y, [b]ased on the [B]yzan[t]i[n]e era's in[t]erp[r]e[t]ation [b]ut al[s]o of [c]our[s]e [b]a[s]ed on their in[t]erp[r]e[t]ation of the [s]o-[c]alled [B]yzan[t]ine world. This sh[ou]ld be under[s]t[oo]d, [th]at [th]e [A]ngl[o] world, in a very t[a]n[g]i[b]le [s]en[s]e, [i]s [i]t[t]le more th[a]n a[n] e[]a[b]orate ve[g]eta[b]le [d]i[p] [i]t[s]elf, a [s]u[b]s[e]quent i[n]t[er]p[r]e[t]ation, and [i]t's [p]erha[p]s the m[o]st [p]erv[as]ive [i]nter[act]ion of [s]o-called v[e]getable [d]i[p] our [p]lanet has y[e]t to [s]e[e]—be[n]eath it w[e] [d]i[s]c[ov]er the genuine arti[c]le, the [p]r[im]ary in[t]erp[r]e[t]ation, [s]o to [s]p[ea]k. [A]s for us, w[i]th [i]n [th]i[s] [A]nglo [w]orld [w]e r[e]m[ain] [m]ore o[r] [i]e[ss] g[lo]ssed [o]ver, a [s]u[b]-o[p]ti[m]al [f]it [o]ver here and [s]u[b]-o[p]ti[m]al [f]it [o]ver there, as [D]i[a]m[an]d [a]n[d] [G]al[a]s a[p]tly [p]ut it: A[m]e[r]i[c]a [i]s f[i]xated on [m]ulti[c]ultu[r]alism yet [r]e[m]ains [r]e[m]iss with [r]e[g]ard to [M]i[dd]le [Ea]stern [c]ultures, wh[i]ch [i]n[c]lude [G]r[ee]k [c]ultures—but how [i]s th[i]s p[os]s[i]b[le]? Yet [w]e sh[ou]ld note, [w]e sh[ou]ld final[ly] [a]d[m]it to our[s]elves [th]at [th]e [m]odern [c]enter of the Angl[o] world, [A]m[er]i[c]a, for [a]ll of its [m]elting p[ot] [m]yth[ology], has [n]ever [a]ssi[m]ilated, [n]ot [q]uite, be[c]ause [i]n[s]tead [i]t's [s]i[m]p[ly] [a]nnih[il]ated—in Ameri[c]a we [i]o[ve] d[i]s[c]u[ss]ing ethn[i]c[i]ties, [p]eo[p]le wear h[y]phens [i]n[k]e [n]ame-tags, [b]ut all of th[e]se ethn[i]c[i]t[i]es are at [b]ottom fal[s]e ethn[i]c[i]ties, ju[s]t as the [s]o-[c]alled modern Gree[k], the Helle[n]i[c] [b]a[b]oon, [i]s a f[i]c[t]ional ethn[i]c[i]ty, all [o]f [o]ur [o]ther ethn[i]c[i]t[i]es are e[ss]ent[i]al[ly] f[i]c[t]ional ethn[i]c[i]t[i]es, they're ethn[i]c[i]ties at [b]e[s]t as [s]u[b]j[ac]t, and, [s]u[b]s[e]q[ue]nt[ly], what's in[e]vita[b]l[y] [t]rue [b]ut will [r]e[m]ain [p]erpetual[ly] [u]n[t]ouched [u]p[on] is [th]at [th]ere is no [r]eal [r]a[c]e or

[e]thn[i][c][i]ty w[i]th[i]n [A]me[r]ic[a] with the [e]x[c]e[p]tion of the [A]ngl[o]. Eve[r]yone is [A]ngl[o] in [A]me[r]ic[a], th[i]s [i]s obviou[s]. Eve[r]y [p]er[s]o[n] i[n] [A]me[r]ic[a], i[n]s[o]f[ar] as they've [a]do[p]ted [A]meri[c]an hy[ph]ena[t]ions, is e[ss]en[t]iall[y] Angl[o]—as [C]atho[li]c[i]sm [w]ashed [o]ver [th]e [th]i[r]d [w]o[r]ld, [th]e [th]i[r]d wo[r]ld be[c]ame e[ss]entia[l]l[y] [A]ngl[o], the Puritanism of North [A]meri[c]a [m]ix[ed] w[i]th [th]e [C]atho[li]c[i]sm of [S]outh [A]meri[c]a and [r]esulted in a [m]i[n]i[st]ry where [e]ve[r]yone is e[ss]entia[l]l[y] Angl[o]. M[a]gic [J]o[h]n[s]on, [a]t [b]o[tt]om, is e[ss]entia[l]l[y] Angl[o]. [E]nd[le]ss [e]thn[i]c[i]ties have [b]een [p]ro[p]erl[y] i]dentifi[ed], [s]y[te]m[at]icall[y] [a]ss[i]m[i]l[at]ed i]nto th[i]s [A]ngl[o]-A[m]erican [f]ramewor[k], and [s]ub[s]e[qu]entl[y] [a]nnih[il]ated, and we [p]e[r]use their [c]o[m]ing-of-age [n]arratives, [p]enned in the [c]la[ss]ic [N]ew Yor[k]er [s]tyle, and we thin[k] to our[s]elves, “[W]ow, that’s [n]ic[e], [w]hat a [n]ic[e] little [c]o[m]ing-of-age [s]tory, I [n]ever k[ne]w Viet[n]am was [s]o [n]ic[e] in Autumn—” when the rea[l]it[y] is th[e]se [p]eop[le] have [b]een e[ss]entia[l]l[y] annih[il]ated.

04—618:845 .731

The [c]o[m]ing-of-age [n]arrative of the Viet[n]a[m]e[se] [i]m[m]ig[r]ant t[ri]ckles the [r]e[c]e[ss]es of our [s]oul, yet it ne[v]er occu[r]s to u[s] [th]at [th]i[s] [V]iet[n]amese per[s]on, writing in the [c]la[ss]ic [N]ew Yor[k]er [s]tyle, [h]as bee[n] e[ss]enti[al]l[y] [a]nnih[il]ated. We [m]arvel at the eth[n]ic tr[ai]ts of [c]o[m]ing-of-age [n]arratives penned in the [c]la[ss]ic [N]ew Yor[k]er [s]tyle, yet th[e]se [e]thn[i]c[i]ti[es] are [e]ntirel[y] fi[c]tional, they’ve [b]een [e]ss[e]nti[al]l[y] [a]nnih[il]ated, just as we, the H[e]l[e]nic [b]a[b]oons, have [a]l[s]o [b]een [e]ss[e]nti[al]l[y] [a]nnih[il]ated. The Viet[n]a[m]ese-A[m]erican who penned your [f]avorite [c]o[m]ing-of-age story [i]s, [i]n [f]a[c]t, e[ntirel]l[y] Angl[o]. The [s]o-c[al]led Or[th]odox, [th]e [l]a[s]t of [th]e [s]o-c[al]led [B]yzantines, re[m]ain [u]n[a]ss[i]m[i]l[at]ed and there[fore] [u]n[a]nnih[il]at[ed], [p]erhap[s] only [b]e[ca]use they’ve [c]l[un]g to their meta[ph]ysic[al] d[i]stin[c]tions—through [v]a[r]ying [c]r[u]s[ad]es and o[cc]u[p]a[t]ions, [v]a[r]iou[s] [c]a[p]italis[m]s and [c]o[m]munis[m]s they’ve [c]l[un]g to their [m]eta[ph]ysic[al] d[i]stin[c]tions, to the [m]eta[ph]ysic[al] [f]ramewor[k] of the [P]a[tri]ar[ch] of [C]on[s]tan[t]in[o]p[le]. In a[n]y [c]a[s]e, this

Anglo world is [n]o extens[i]on of Ant[i]q[u]i[ti]y, it's [n][o] [N]ew [R][o]me, [b]e[c]ause [i]ts [i]n[t]erp[r]e[t]ations have [i]n[e]vita[b]ly [b]een filtered through the [s][o]-[c]alled [B]yzan[t]i[n]e, th[r]ough the [S]e[c]ond [R][o]me of [C]on[s]tan[t]i[n]e, [B]ut for the Ortho[d]ox, [C]h[r]i[s]t [s]ym[b]ol[i]zed the [t]rue, ve[r]i[f]i[e]d immanen[c]e of [G]od, to [c]o[r]re[s]pond with the t[r]an[s]cen[d]en[c]e of [G]od—ju[s]t as the [s][o]-[c]alled [S][o]c[ra]tic [I]dea was at on[c]e tr[an]s[c]en[d]e[n]t a[n]d immane[n]t, just [a]s Love [a]s [a]n [I]dea was out of [r]each [i]n-[i]t[s]elf ([i]n [i]t[s] [t]r[an]s[c]en[d]en[c]e), yet [i]n[t]e[r]ac[t]ive [i]n a r[e]la[t]ive [s]e[n]s[e] ([i]n [i]t[s] [i]mman[e]n[c]e), God was [n]ow the [s]ame, [n]ot [t]r[an]s[c]en[d]e[n]t or i[m]mane[n]t, but i[n]s[te]ad [t]r[an]s[c]en[d]e[n]t and i[m]mane[n]t. God as a[n] E[ss]en[c]e was [u][n]kn[o]wa[b]le, [u][n]a[pp]r[oa]cha[b]le, and wh[o]lly t[r]an[s]cende[n]t, yet, th[r]ough Ch[r]i[s]t, God was [p]r[ov]en to [b]e wholl[y] [i]mmanent, [i]n a [d]i[t]i[n]o[n] to [b]eing en[t]irely [t]r[an]scen[d]ent, [G]od's [E]nerg[i]es were [E]nerg[i]es w[e] [c]ould a[pp]r[oa]ch and [i]nte[r]a[c]t w[i]th, to [b]e[c]o[m]e [o]ne with [G]od, [e]ven [m]o[m]entari[ly], was d[e]e[m]ed a [p]ossi[b]i[li]t[y]. Ch[r]i[s]t was b[r]illiantly [g]ra[ft]ed onto [c]entur[ie]s of [G]r[ee]k thought in a [s]y[s]tem that [f]ound it[s] e[x]p[r]ession [f]r[om] [A]le[x]and[r]ia to [A]n[t]i[o]c[h] [t]o [C]on[s]t[an]t[in]o[p]le, yet the [s]ub[s]e[qu]ent Angl[o] in[t]e[r]p[r]e[t]ation, by [r]e[s]t[r]i[c]ting God and [P]ater [t]o the in[t]elle[c]t, the [c]on[c]e[p]tual [t]o the [t]r[an]s[c]en[d]e[n]t, [e]s[s]entia[l]ly ushered in the [s]e[c]u[l]ar a[th]eism [th]at's [b]e[c]ome our [m]ono[c]ulture [p]ar ex[c]e[ll]en[c]e. This [s]u[b]s[e]q[ue]nt Angl[o] in[t]e[r]p[r]e[t]ation was [m]ar[k]ed[ly] [d]iffe[r]ent—[b]e[c]ause now to [b]e [t]r[an]scen[d]e[n]t and i[m]mane[n]t was now [d]e[e]med [d]e[c]a[d]ent and o[r]ie[n]tal. The [s]o-called [B]yzan[t]ine in[t]e[r]p[r]e[t]ation e[n]v[i]s[i]oned a God wh[o], th[r]ough His [s]u[p]era[b]un[d]an[c]e, was [b]o[th] wh[o]lly immane[n]t a[n]d en[t]irely [t]r[an]scen[d]e[n]t, whereas the Angl[o] in[t]e[r]p[r]e[t]ation viewed that in[t]e[r]p[r]e[t]ation as b[oth] wh[o]lly [d]eca[d]e[n]t a[n]d en[t]irely o[r]ie[n]tal, the Angl[o] in[t]e[r]p[r]e[t]ation, just as the He[b]r[ew] [G]od [b]a[n]ished [A]d[am] a[n]d Eve from the [K]ing[d]om of [G]od, [s]u[b]s[e]q[ue]ntly [b]anished [G]od from the [K]ing[d]om of M[a]n, to His e[t]ernal [t]r[an]s[c]en[d]en[c]e. [N]o, the [s][o]-[c]alled [G]r[ee]k[s] [n]ever [k]illed their [G]od be[c]ause they [n]ever [s]topped [m]e[r]ging with their [G]od. The

[G]ree[k] world [n]ever chose to [k]ill their [G]od, they [n]ever [m]u[r]dered their [G]od in [c]old [b]lood [b]e[c]ause, in this [G]ree[k] [w]orld, [w][i]th[i]n th[i]s [s][i]t[us] [B]y[zant[i]ne [m][i]t[us]ieu, to [k]ill their [G]od would [b]e a[k]in to [c]o[m]mitt[ing] [s]uicide.

05—522:715 .730

[W]hereas the Anglo [w]orld [d]ivorced [i]t[s]elf [f]rom the Energies, became the tran[s]scend[ent] world [p]ar ex[c]el[en]c[e], and [i]t[us] it[s]elf no choi[c]e but to k[ill] [i]t[s] God [r]uth[less]ly and exp[er]iment[ous]ly. The t[ran]s[c]end[ent] world [p]ar ex[c]el[en]c[e] alm[o]st i[p]s[o] fa[c]t[us] be[c]omes the [s]e[c]ular athei[s]t world [p]ar ex[c]el[en]c[e]. T[ran]s[c]end[ent] [d]ivorced [f]ro[m] i[m]man[en]c[e] is the p[ri]m[ar]y [f]o[r]m of the [s]ecular. The [W]e[st]e[r]n [w]o[r]ld is the Ang[lo] [w]orld [w]h[ic]h [i]s nothing more than a [s]ub[s]equent i[n]t[er]p[re]t[ation] [r]ather th[an] a [p]ri[m]ar[y] i[n]t[er]p[re]t[ation]. In A[m]e[r]i[c]a, [e]ve[r]yone is Anglo, Viet[n]ame[se] i[m]migr[ants] w[ri]te [c]o[m]m[un]g of age [s]to[r]ies that are [n]othing if [n]ot h[is]t[or]ical [A]ng[lo], tran[s]cend[ent] [A]ng[lo]. [A]nd we [s]it, [p]ortrayed [a]s [a]b[s]urd [H]ellenic, [a]s Athenian [b]a[b]oons, yet of [c]our[s]e we have [p]erha[p]s that “[B]yzantine look[ing],” our mu[s]i[k] is [p]erha[p]s [B]yzant[ine], yet the [B]yzant[ine], we’re t[old], was wh[olly] [d]e[c]ad[ent] a[n]d e[n]tirely o[r]ie[n]tal a[n]d n[o] [l]onger exists. The [A]f[r]o-A[m]er[ic]an [M]an is the [A]ngl[o] [M]an, La[r]ry [B]ird [i]n add[iti]o[n] to [M]a[g]i[c] [J]ohn[s]on are [b]oth e[ss]entia[l]y Ang[lo], the Ita[l]ian-A[m]er[ic]an [M]an is the [A]ngl[o] [M]an, the G[r]ee[k]-A[m]er[ic]an [M]an, des[p]ite [p]laying the [r]ole of [A]thenian [B]a[b]oon, is [a]l[s]o [e]s[se]ntia[l]y Ang[lo]. The [G]ree[k]s, u[l]timate[ly], have [s]un[k] them[s]e[l]ves, [w]h[ic]h [i]s [w]hy they’re no [l]onger [e]ven [G]r[ee][k], w[e] [c]an’t [b]lame anyone more than our[s]elves, [w]e [w]ere [p]l[a]ced [i]n an [i]m[p]o[s]sible [p]osition [b]etw[ee]n [Ea]st and [W]e[st], [a]nd [w]e [a]cted [i]n [a]n [i]m[p]o[s]sible f[a]sh[i]on, [a]nd [n]ow we’re [n]o longer even our[s]elves. [B]ut how did [w]e get onto u[s] any[w]ay, the [G]reeks—[h]ave I [g]one over [b]oard [h]ere at all? [A]m I ex[aggerat]ing [a]t all? [i]t’s de[f]i[n]ite[ly] [p]o[s]sible, yet I [f]eel [c]om[p]l[e]te[ly] a[pp]ro[p]riate, I a[c]tua[l]ly [f]eel [i]t[k]e, i[f] an[y]thing, I’m [b]e[ing] too reserved,

th[a]t i[f] anything I'm [a][c]tua[l]ly [l][a][c]k[ing] in h[y]per[b]o[l]le at the [m]o[m]ent. I feel [l][i][k]e, [r][i]ght now, I'm a[c]tual[l]y b[e]ing too [k]ind, [t]hat if any[t]hing I'm being a [t]ad [t]oo [r]eserved. I feel as [t]h[ou]gh [t]here's vi[t]ri[o]l that I [s][t]ill [o]we, that I [o]wn [c]on[s]i[d]era[b]le [d]ebt, and it's all vit[r]i[o]l, [t]hat [t]here's n[o] choi[c]e [b]ut to [p]lay it [b]a[ck] to the gene[r]al [p]o[p]ula[c]e of thi[s] [c]ountry. It's [p]o[ss]i[b]le that I'm f[i]lled to the [b]r[i]m w[i]th [v]i[t]riol, it's [p]o[ss]i[b]le that I [o]we all this [v]i[t]ri[o]l to the gene[r]al [p]o[p]u[l]a[c]e. [I]'t's alm[o]st as i[f] I'm [l]ea[ving] [l]oa[ds] of vit[r]i[o]l on the table. The Ang[l]o world [l]e[ct]ured us [t]hat [t]he au[th]enti[c] Gree[k]s m[a]de [a][n]al love [t]o [t]ee[n]a[ge] boys, and the[n] whe[n] G[r]ee[k]s [m]oved [p]a[s]t [p]e[n]et[r]a[ti]ng high [s]c[h]ool [a]ged [m]e[n] i[n] the [r]ear-e[n]d, when they i[n]s[te]ad [s]u[b]s[c]r[i]b[ed] to the metaphy[s]i[c]s of the [P]at[r]iar[c]h of [C]on[s]tantino[p]le, it was only [a]t th[at] [p]oint that G[r]ee[k] [c]ulture be[c]ame [d]e[p]r[a]ved and [d]e[c]a[d]ent. Wholl[y] o[r]i[en]tal. Th[is] [is] what I've [b]een per[s]onal[l]y taught [b]y the Ang[l]o [s]o[ci]a[l]ed [s]c[h]o[la]stic[s]—[a]nd th[at] I [c]an tell you is [a]b[s]o[l]ute[l]y no exaggeration.

06—528:719 .734

Only the Gree[k]s would a[cc]e[pt] two [s]e[ts] of an[c]e[s]tors of [t]h[i]s [s]ort [t]hen [sh][r]u[g] their [sh]oulders and [g]o [g]let d[r]u[n]k at a [s]aloon. That's what I [d]i[d]. [I]'s ju[s]t au[d]aciou[s], that's what [i]t [is]. [I]f no[t]hing el[s]e I re[s]pe[c]t [t]he au[d]a[c]it[y], be[c]ause I [a]c[tual[l]y [h]ave the [h]ighe[s]t re[s]pe[c]t for the au[d]a[c]it[y] of the Ang[l]o world. Our an[c]e[s]tors have [s]pent hun[d]re[d]s of years in o[b]s[cure] mountains, for[b]idd[en] to [r]ead or w[r]ite, [w]h[i]le the ent[i]re Ang[l]o [w]orld has [s]pread th[is] [m]i[s]in[fo]r[m]a[ti]o[n] about u[s], this [s]l[an]der, this [c]hara[c]ter [a]ss[ai]n[ati]o[n], [s]o it's n[o] won[d]er [p]e[d]o[ph]iles [r]un [r]am[p]ant in [e]ve[r]y [W]e[s]t[er]n [p]o[li]ty—loo[k] who [c]o[m]p[r]i[s]e the [i]d[o]ls of the [W]e[s]t! [T]he A[th]enian with [t]he [b]eauti[ful] [b]oyf[r]iends t[r]aversing pu[b]erty, as i[f] th[es]e were the onl[y] [G]r[ee]k[s], as if [t]here were no o[th]er [G]r[ee]k e[r]as, as i[f] the [a][p]h[a]bet [b]e[c]ame o[b]sol[e]te [a]fter [A]nti[q]uit[y]! [B]ut [I] d[i]g[r]e[s]. [I]n a[n]y [c]a[s]e, [b]efore I e[n]t[er] i[n] [t]o thi[s] whole a[n]e[c]dote I should [s]ay thi[s]—n[a]mely, th[at] I was [a]t [a] [r]e[s]taur[ant] [a]c[r]o[s]s the [s]t[re]et [f]rom [m]

[a]part[m]ent [f]or a [s][m]all [g]athe[r]ing ju[s]t the other night, my [g]ood [f]riend's [c]ousin was i[n] town, [a]nd she [a]nd her [f]ather [i]nvited me to a[n] [i]nformal dinner [a][c]ross the [r]oad [f]rom [m]y [a]part[m]ent, [s]o [i]t [d]e[c]id[ed] it would be a [l]ittle rude [f]or me not to go, con[s]idering I [i]ved w[i]th [i]n [s]p[ri]ng [d][i]tan[c]e of th[e] [r]e[s]tau[r]ant, [w]ith [i]n [m]al [w]alking [d][i]tan[c]e, and had [n]othing el[s]e to [d]o. I e[ss]enti[al]ly [h]ad to g[o] but [a]ll[s]o [h]ad [n]o issue with [a]tten[d]ing. [i]n [a]d[d]ition, I [w]as [a]ware the meal [w]ould in all [l]ike[li]hood be [p]aid for, and [a]lthough I [d]idn't [p]articu[lar]ly thin[k] high[ly] of the [r]e[s]tau[r]ant [a]cro[ss] the [s]treet, I knew there was at [l]e[ast] one [d]e[c]ent [m]eal, or [m]ayb[e] [e]ven two [d]e[c]ent [m]eals, that I could or[d]er and [f]ree[ly] re[l]ative[ly] [s]at[is]fied. [P]ersonal[ly], I was a big [f]an of the [S]p[ic]y Mak[i] [P]atter, where you re[c]eived eigh[t] [p]ie[c]e[s] of [t]u[n]a, [s]almon, and yell[ow]tail [s]ushi for ju[s]t [s]ix [d]ollars. It's a great [m]eal, and be[c]ause of the e[c]o[n]o[m]i[c]al [p]ri[c]e-p[oi]nt you [d]on't feel [l]ike a [c]o[m]p[lete] a[ss]hole or[d]er[ing] it on [s]omeone el[s]e's tab. [i]n a[n]y [c]ase, we a[r]r[ive], m[y] f[r]iend and [i], [p]erh[a]ps we're a[c]tua[l]ly [l]overs, but I [d]on't want to [g]o in[t]o a [g]r[eat] [d]ea[l] of [d]e[ta]il about m[y] [p]rivate [l]ife here, we [m]ight [e]ven [i]ve w[i]th [ea]ch other in [m]y a[part]m[ent], but I'm [n]ot going into that [n]ow, [w]e're in [l]ove [w]ith [ea]ch o[th]er in a [w]ay [th]at ju[s]t [f]eels [p]ro[found], that's [p]o[ss]ible, [b]ut [i]n a[n]y [c]a[s]e we're [th]ere, at [th]e [r]e[s]tau[r]ant, whe[n] my [f]r[ie]n[d]'s [c]ousins [f]rom out of town [a]rrive, and [a]ll[m]ost i[m]m[edi]atel[y] the [c]o[n]v[er]sation [t]urns [t]o the m[u]ch [d]i[s]c[u]ssed [C]OVID-Ninet[een] va[cc]i[n]e, and [b]eing wh[o]l[e] [s]o[ber] as well as extr[eme]l[y] hungr[y] [i]t de[c]ide to have [n]o part of it, I [d]on't me[n]tion a[n]ything a[b]out [n]onli[n]ear [d]i[s]t[ri]butions, the i[n]he[r]e[n]t [d]i[s]hone[s]t[y] of [a]ll [a]rge govern[m]ents over the cour[s]e of [h]u[m]an [h]i[s]t[or]y.

07—546:721 .757

I ch[oo]se [t]o [r]e[fr]ain [f]rom m[e]ntioning [E]l[i]ot [A]b[r]ams [r]ec[e]iving a [f]i[f]t[y] doll[ar] [f]ine [f]or [t]r[an]s[cr]i[pt]ing [c]r[ack] [c]o[c]ai[n]e into eve[r]y [b]l[a]ck [c]o[m]mu[n]i[ty] [i]n A[m]er[i]ca [i]n the [N]ineteen-[E]igh[ties], I ch[oo]se [t]o [r]e[fr]ain [f]rom [m]entioning a[n]y of this, as it

wasn't the [r][i]ght [t][i]me [t]o di[s][c]u[ss] [n]on[li]n[ea]r[it]ie[s]  
a[n]d E[li]ot Ab[ra]ms, thi[s] was my [c]on[c]l[usion] at the time. I  
wasn't [g]oing to [g]et [c]aught u[p] in the [n]a[t]ure of  
[p][r]o[b]a[b]l[iti]ty [d]ist[ri]b[ut]ions and E[li]ot [A]b[ra]ms'  
[f]i[f]ty [d]o[ll]ar [f]ine [f]or [s]e[ll]ing [l]arge [s]wathes of [c]r[ack]  
[c]ocaine at the [b]e[he]s[it] of the [f]ir[s]t [B]ush [a]dmini[s]tration  
[a]t th[at] time. It would have [b]een un[c]outh, ill-[a]dvised, [a]s  
well [a]s [c]om[p]l[ic]ate[d] ina[pp]r[op]r[i]ate. But in  
[k]ee[pi]ng [m]y [m]outh shut I felt just a [m]o[m]en[t]ary [t]i[n]ge  
of ag[i]tation, in h[ea]ring th[e]se o[p]inions I inve[te]r[at]el[y]  
[d]is[ag]r[ee]d with, in [r]e[fr]ain[ing] [f]r[om] [u]t[te]r[ing] the  
[ph]r[ase]s [n]on[li]n[ea]r[iti]ty [d]ist[ri]b[ut]ions and E[li]ot  
[A]b[ra]ms I [b]ecame s[er]iously [a]gitat[ed], the [o]n[ly]  
[a]n[t]id[ote] [t]o my [a]gitat[i]on would [b]e to s[ay] the [w]ord  
[n]on[li]n[ea]rity a[l]oud, [w]hich I had [n]o in[t]ention of doing. I  
couldn't [b]ring my[s]elf to [s]ay the word [n]on[li]n[ea]rity, [a]nd I  
h[ad] [a]b[s]o[lu]tely no intention of utte[r]ing the ph[rase]  
E[li]ot [A]b[ra]ms at thi[s] [r]e[se]tau[r]ant, [I] coul[d]n't [d]o  
either without embar[r]a[s]sing [m]y[s]elf, and [I] kn[ew] it. The  
[f]a[ct] of the [m]a[tter] is whe[n] a[n] o[p]i[n]ion I d[i]s[ag]r[ee]  
w[ith] [i]s ex[p]r[ess]ed w[ith]i[n] [m]y gene[r]al [p]r[ox]i[m]ity,  
[a]nd I [a]ct s[oc]iall[y] a[pp]r[op]r[i]ate[l]y and [r]e[fr]ain  
[f]r[om] sha[r]in[g] my t[r]ue [f]ee[li]n[g]s on the [m]atter, then I  
of[te]n [f]eel th[at] [t]h[is] [t]i[n]ge of [a]gitat[i]on, [a]s i[f] I was [p]ut on  
thi[s] Ea[r]th for the [s]ole [p]u[r]p[ose] of behaving  
ina[pp]r[op]r[i]ate[l]y and ex[p]r[ess]ing my hone[s]t o[p]inions,  
n[o] matter the co[s]t [s]o[ciall]y. In[ste]ad I [f]ound my[s]elf  
g[lan]c[ing] [i]nter[m]ittent[l]y at [m]y [f]riend's older [c]ousin,  
ju[s]t shame[l]e[ssl]y [s]p[e]c[ul]at[ing] on his [r]a[cial]  
m[a]k[e]u[p]—which I h[ate]. I've [b]een on the [r]e[c]eiv[ing] e[n]d  
of thi[s] de[s]p[ic]ab[le] [b]ehavior, and I'm sure you've  
ex[p]e[r]i[en]ced s[im]il[ar], and [I] [d]e[s]p[is]e [p]eo[p]le who  
ju[s]t shame[l]e[ssl]y [s]p[e]c[ul]ate as to [m]y r[acial]  
m[a]k[e]u[p], I'm sure you [d]e[s]pise them j[ust] as m[u]ch, yet  
[s]itt[ing] a[c]ro[s]s [f]r[om] thi[s] [d]ist[ant] [c]ousin of [m]y [f]riend,  
[m]y [l]over [p]erh[a]p[s], I [s]a[t] in thi[s] [s]il[ent] h[yp]oc[ri]s[is], I  
[s]at there and shame[l]e[ssl]y, [c]ontinuou[s]l[y]  
[s]p[e]c[ul]at[ed] on his r[acial] m[a]k[e]u[p] to [m]y[s]elf, going  
[s]o [f]ar as [t]o [t]a[k]e [s]p[e]c[i]fic [f]acial [f]eatures into  
a[c]count and [s]p[e]c[ul]ate on a [g]eo[gr]a[ph]ic a[r]ea of  
o[r]i[g]in. It was [g]r[ote]s[que]. But that's un[f]ortunately what I

[f]ound my[s]el[f] doing in [p]la[c]e of sharing my [s]in[c]ere  
o[p]inions on [n]onli[n]ear [p]ro[b]a[b]i[i]lity [d]i[s]t[ri]butions  
and E[liot] A[b]rams [d]i[s]t[ri]buting [c]ra[ck] [c]o[c]aine to the  
[b]la[ck] [c]o[m]munit[ies] of the U[n]ited [S]t[ates] in the  
[N]inet[ee]n [E]igh[t]e[s]—but of [c]ourse [n]o one [c]an [m]ention  
[n]onli[n]ear di[s]t[ri]butions or E[liot] A[b]rams [s]e[l]ling  
[c]ra[ck] anymore.

08—501:685 .731

Govern[m]ents have lied to u[s] al[m]o[s]t without pause [s]i[n]c[e]  
the i[n]ventio[n] of the nation-[s]tate, in just [A]m[er]ica [a]one  
w[e]’ve [s]ee[n] the [l]arge-[s]cale o[pp]r[ession] of  
A[f]ri[c]an-A[m]er[i]cans over the [c]our[s]e of [c]enturies, the  
[s]tate-[s]an[c]tioned poiso[n]i[n]gs of A[f]ri[c]an-A[m]er[i]cans  
[c]o[m]munities with [c]ra[ck] [c]o[c]aine, of [l]ower [c]l[ass]  
[C]au[ca]sian [c]o[m]munities w[i]th [p]res[c]ri[p]tion [p]ills, we  
have [p]o[p] [s]tars named [L]ittle Xanax, m[i]llions of  
ch[i]ldr[e]n [i]n thi[s] [c]ountry [f]anta[s]ize [a]b[ou]t [a]b[using]  
[p]res[c]ri[p]tion nar[c]oti[c]s bef[ore] they go to [s]l[e]e[p] at  
night and the [F][D][A], a [r]egul[ator]y [b]o[d]y with [a]m[p]le  
[f]un[d]ing [f]or [r]egul[ating] ju[s]t thi[s] [s]ort of [b]ehavior,  
[a]pp[arentl]y thi[n]ks [n]othi[n]g of it. We have one [p]o[p] [s]tar  
[n]amed [L]ittle [X]anax and [z]ero [ph]arma[ce]u[tic]al  
e[x]e[c]utives wh[o]’ve been [p]ro[s]e[c]u[t]ed [f]or [p]ro[du]c[i]ng  
this lu[r]id [s]tate of a[ff]airs, and th[at]’s ju[s]t [s]cra[m]bling the  
[s]urfa[ce] in Ame[r]ica, [c]onf[ining] our in[qu]ir[y] to a [s]ingle  
[s]ide of the Atlanti[c] we ha[v]en’t e[ve]n ment[i]oned the  
Tur[k]i[sh] o[cc]u[p]a[tion], the geno[c]ides of [P]ol [P]ot, Hitl[er]  
and the Na[tional [S]o[ci]a[li]sts, the Gu[l]ag, the [f]a[m]ine of  
[M]ao, or the [p]re[p]o[n]de[r]an[ce] of [o]ther [o]ccu[p]ations,  
[g]e[n]o[c]ides, [f]amines, and [g]e[n]e[r]al [d]ebau[che]r[y] which  
have o[cc]urred [a]ll [a]c[r]o[s]s the gl[obe] mo[r]e o[r] [l]e[ss]  
in[c]e[ss]antl[y]—yet [n]ow the U[n]ited [S]t[ates] govern[m]ent  
i[n]for[m]s [i]t[s] [c]i[tiz]ens without a t[r]a[n]s[par]e[n]cy that a  
[f]a[st]-t[r]a[ck]ed v[a]c[i]ne is beyond [r]e[p]r[och] [f]or a[n]y  
a[n]d eve[r]yone, with no [l]ong-term [e]m[p]i[r]ic[al] [e]vi[d]en[ce]  
[a]vail[able], and if we [q]ue[s]tion [th]at [th]en we’re  
[e]ss[entiall]y [e]x[c]o[m]muni[c]ated [f]rom [d]e[c]ent [s]o[c]iety.  
We’ve [b]e[come] [ch]a[r]i[sm]at[ic] [p]a[r] ex[c]e[ll]e[n]c[e] if we [d]are  
men[t]ion the [n]ature of [n]onli[n]ear [p]ro[b]a[b]i[i]lity  
[d]i[s]t[ri]butions, if we m[en]t[i]on the [f]a[ct] th[at] E[liot]

A[b]rams was [f]ined [f]i[f]ty do[l]lars [f]or se[l]ling [c][r]a[ck], if we utter the [ph][r][a]ses [n]on[l]i[n]ear [p]ro[b]a[b]l[i]ty [d][i]st[r]i[b]ution or E[l]liot A[b]rams was a [c][r]a[ck] [c]o[c]a[ine] [d]ea[l]er we've a[pp]a[r]ent[l]y [b]e[c]ome [f]asci[s]ts in thi[s] [c]ount[r]y. [S]o I had [n][o] in[k]l[i]ng of the r[aj]cial [m][a][k]eup of thi[s] [m]an [s]itting [s]o i[n]no[c]ent[l]y a[c]ro[ss] from m[e], and eventual[l]y [I] just [s]aid to m[y]self—you're [d][i]g[u]s[ti]ng, th[i]s [i]s [g]ro[t]e[s]q[ue], [t]a[k]e out your [s]m[art]p[h]one and [d]i[ck] a[r]o[und] [o]n that, [f]or the [s]a[k]e of [C]h[r]i[s]t Him[s]el[f], ju[s]t [p]lease re[m]ove your [s]m[art]p[h]one [f]rom your [p]o[ck]et thi[s] [s]e[c]ond. [S]o we order our [m]eals. [M]y [f]r[i]end, who I [m]ay or [m]ay not [b]e in love with, who o[r]d[er]s [r]ight [b]e[f]o[r]e [m]e, or[d]ers the [S][p]i[c]y [M]a[k]i [P]latter, [s]o we both [e]nd u[p] ordering the exa[ct] [s]ame [m]eal, the [S][p]i[c]y [M]a[k]i [P]latter, and I ju[s]t shot her a [l]oo[k], I [l]oo[k]ed at her [l]i[k]e Are you [k]idding me? [W]e [c]ould h[ave] a[t] [l]ea[s]t [d]i[s]c[u]ssed thi[s] [b]e[f]o[r]e the [w]aitre[ss] a[s]ked [f]o[r] the or[d]ers, now we're or[d]ering the [s]ame ex[a]c[t] meal [b][a]c[k] to [b][a]c[k].

09—483:668 .723

But [th]en I [th]ink to my[s]el[f] W[e]ll, i[f] sh[e] doesn't [ea]t all eight[ee]n [p][ie]c[es], [w]hich sh[e] [w]on't, then I'll at [l]i[ea]s[t] have the o[p]tion to [s]nag a [s]ush[i] [p][ie]c[ie] or two if I'm not com[p]l[ete]l[y] [f]ull a[f]ter my eighteen. I [g]uess I [c]an [b]e a [b]it [g]l[u]ttonou[s] when it [c]o[m]es to [s]ushi, [b]ut I al[s]o—in t[r]ue [G]r[ee]k Ortho[d]ox [f]a[sh]ion—[t]end [t]o [f]a[s]t [f]or [s]i[gn]i[f]i[c]ant portions of the [d]ay, [s]o b[y] the t[i]me [d]inner [a]r[r]i[ves] I'm a[l]ways [p]r[e]p[ar]ed to [s]tu[ff] my [f]a[c]e. I've [r]ea[d] [m]o[d]ern [m]e[d]i[c]i[n]e [i]s [b]egi[n]ning to [r]e[c]og[n]ize value in thi[s] [f]a[s]t and [f]ea[s]t [r]e[gi]m[en] of [ea]ting, [th]at [th]e [b]o[d]y [p]erha[p]s [f]unc[t]ions more e[ff]i[c]ientl[y] when it's [d]e[p]r[iv]ed [f]or a [p]e[r]iod of time. [B]ut i[n] a[n]y [c]a[s]e we [b]oth or[d]er the [S][p]i[c]y Ma[k]i [P]latter, and her [d]a[d], who's [s]a[t] [n]ext to [m]e, orders a shrimp [n]oo[d]le [d]ish th[at] h[as] [n]o a[pp]eal to [m]e, [n]ot that I [c]are, b[e]c[au]se I h[ad] [n]o [p]l[an]s on [sh]aring the meal with him, and when th[i]s [sh]r[i]mp [n]oo[d]le [d]i[sh] [i]s [s]erved h[i]s [i]n[i]t[i]al r[e]ac[t]ion is Wow, th[i]s [i]s b[i]g—and [i]t [i]s, [i]t's huge. The port[i]on [i]s [i]mmense. And the [n]oo[d]les, it shoul[d] [b]e [n]oted, are th[i]ck—[i]t would [b]e n[ea]rl[y]

im[p]o[ss]i[b]le for one [p]er[s]on to finish a [p]late of th[a]t  
 [m][a]gnitu[d]e, [s]ave for the [m]or[b]i[d][i][y] o[b]e[s]e, in ju[s]t  
 one [s]itting. S[o] i[m]m[e]d[i]ate[l]y, and [o]n[l]y with the  
 [b][e][s]t of int[e]ntions, [b]e[c]ause her [d]ad is one of the [m]o[s]t  
 w[e]ll-i[n]t[e]ntioned i[n]d[iv]iduals you'll ever [c]ome a[c]ros[s],  
 her [d]ad [s]tarts to o[ff]er me [s]ome of h[i]s [d][i]sh, and  
 [i]n[i]tial[l]y I re[f]use not on[l]y [b]e[c]ause I [f]ind the [d]ish  
 una[pp]ea[l]ing but [p][r]ima[r]i[l]y [b]e[c]ause I'm [ea]ting [m]y  
 own [m]ea[l]. But this [ch]anges even[tu]a[l]l[y]. [F]a[m]ished [a]s  
 I [f]ound my[s]elf, I obviou[s]l[y] [f]inished [m]y [m]eal not  
 on[l]y [b]e[f]ore [a]nyone [e]lse at the ta[b]le [b]ut  
 [c]on[s]ide[r]a[b]l[l]y [p][r]ior to [a]nyone [e]lse at the ta[b]le  
 [c]l[e]aning their [p]l[ate]—I'm [s]itting there with a  
 [c]om[p]l[e]te[l]y [c]l[e]an [p]l[ate] while [e]veryone [e]lse is [a]t  
 [m]ost h[a]l[f]way [th]r[ough] [th]eir [m]eal. And my [f]r[i]end is  
 [h]ardl[y] [ea]ting [h]er [M]a[k]i Pl[at]ter [a]t all, instead she's  
 busy [m]u[n]ch[ing] her [c]ou[sin's] General [T]so Shrim[p], yet her  
 dad, of [c]ourse [m]eaning well and [n]oti[c]ing [m]y em[p]ty  
 d[i]sh, for the [s]e[c]ond time a[s]ks i[f] I want [s]ome? [N]o,  
 [n]o [th]an[k] you, I'm [f]ull, I say, [n]ot [th]in[k]ing at all.  
 Wi[th]out a [s]ingle [th]ought in my [s]i[n]g[u]l[ar] [r]epl[y] that I'm  
 full—y[e]t in [r]e[t]r[osp]e[c]t what [e]lse [c]ould I [s]ay? How  
 [c]an y[ou] [r]e[f]u[s]e a bite of [s]omeone's meal, e[s]pecial[l]y  
 on a [s]e[c]ond o[ff]er, without [s]aying you're [f]ull? It's  
 [p]ro[b]a[b]l[y] the on[l]y a[cc]e[p]ta[b]le excu[s]e, [f]eigning  
 [f]ull[n]ess, [b]ut [n]ow I've [p]l[ac]ed mysel[f] i[n] a [b]i[t] of an  
 [i]m[b]ro[g]l[o], [b]e[c]ause her dad thin[k]s I'm [f]ull, [b]ut I'm  
 a[c]tually the [f]ur[th]e[s]t [p]o[ss]i[b]le [th]ing [f]rom  
 [f]ull—[b]e[c]ause [s]ush[i] never [f]i[ll]s [y]ou. [Y]ou [f]i[n]ish a  
 [p]l[ate] of [s]ush[i] and the [f]ir[s]t [th]i[n]g you [th]i[n]k [i]s I  
 [c]ould go [f]or a [l]ittle more [s]ush[i].

10—441:639 .690

"Eight[ee]n p[ie]c[es] of [f]i[sh]-[f]i[l]led [s]ushi and I'm not [e]ven  
 rem[o]te[l]y [c]l[o]se to [f]ull. All my th[ou]ghts [r]ev[ol]ve  
 a[r]ound [c]on[s]u[m]ing [m]ore [s]ush[i], of which I [s]ee  
 [p]l[ent]y, [b]e[c]ause [m]y [c]om[p]anion, [m]y [l]over, is  
 [b]e[li]e[v]ing even touching her [S]p[ic]y [M]a[k]i Pl[at]ter. [S]o  
 now I'm [t]ri[ng] [t]o [d]ev[i]se a [m]etho[d] of  
 [c]l[e]an[d]e[s]tine[l]y [s]n[e]aking a few [p]i[e]c[es] of [s]aid  
 [s]ush[i] into [m]y [m]o[uth] with[ou]t [m]y [c]om[p]anion's d[a]d

[n]oticing, [n]ot that he would [c]are, but ju[s]t on [p]rin[c]i[p]le. I already inh[a]led [m]y [m]eal, [e]igh[t]h[e]n [p]l[i]e[c]jes of [f]i[sh]-[f]i[sh]ed [s]ushi, and now I'm [c]l[ai]ming, to my [f]r[i]end's [f]ather, that I'm [f]ull, but then [r]e[m]or[s]e[le]ss[ly] [c]on[s]u[m]ing the [s]u[sh]i [s]itting next to my [p]l[ate]? That just wasn't [a] [p]a[ta]b[le] o[p]tion in [m]y [m]i[n]d at the t[i]me. I wanted to [a]void that [s]cenario if [p]o[ss]i[b]le. Yet as I'm [c]on[c]o[c]ting a [p]l[an] to [s]urre[p]titiou[s]l[y] extra[c]t this foreign [s]ush[i] into [m]y [m]outh [m]y [f]riend's [c]ousin [t]a[k]les her [f]or[k] and [s]t[ar]ts eating her [s]ush[i]—po[t]entiall[y] my [s]ush[i]. I'm watching my [f]riend's [f]ather struggle to [f]i[n]i[sh] h[i]s [g]ar[g]antuan shrimp [l]o [m]ein on [m]y [l]e[ft], then watching [m]y [f]riend's [c]ousin [m]ethodi[c]al[l]y [ea]t [ea]ch [l]e[ft]o[ve]r [p]l[i]e[c]je of this [S]p[i]c[y] [M]a[k]i [P]latter on [m]y r[i]ght. Then I [l]oo[k] [a]c[r]oss the [t]a[b]le and [b]egin [sh]a[m]ele[ss]l[y] [r]a[ci]al[l]y [s]pe[cu]l[ati]ng [a]gain, just [t]o [m]o[m]en[t]ari[l]y get [m]y [m]i[n]d off this wh[o]le [S]p[i]c[y] [M]a[k]i-[l]o [m]ein imb[r]o[g]l[i]o. As the [m]eal [c]on[c]l[u]ded there were tw[o] or th[r]ee [s]ush[i] [p]l[i]e[c]jes [l]eft, my [c]om[p]anion says [H]ave one, and I shake my [h]ead, realizing the e[n]tire e[n]d[eavor, th[i]s m[i]ssion to obt[ai]n [m]ore [S]p[i]c[y] [M]a[k]i, was [d]oomed to f[ai]lure. I con[s]idered a[s]k[ing] her [t]o [t]a[k]e the [p]l[i]e[c]jes h[ome], but n[o]—thi[s] urge for [m]ore [M]a[k]i [i]s [m]i[s]gu[i]d[ed], [I] thought, it's already [d]oo[m]ed [t]o f[ai]lure, it's [t]oo [l]a[te] for that. The [S]p[i]c[y] [M]a[k]i [P]latter was de[l]icious, but [t]o [t]a[k]e h[ome] the [l]e[ft]o[ve]r sushi wasn't a [p]a[ta]b[le] o[p]tion [t]o me at the [t]ime. And a [f]unny thing o[cc]urred, I a[c]tua[l]l[y] [b]egan to [f]eel [f]ull as [e]veryone [e]lse [b]egan [t]o [c]on[c]l[u]de their [m]eals—[d]e[s]p[ite] [r]e[m]ain[ing] hung[r]y [i]mm[e]di[ate]l[y] a[ft]er [f]inishing [m]y eight[ee]n [p]l[i]e[c]jes of [s]ush[i], [b]y the t[i]me [e]veryone [e]lse [c]on[c]l[u]d[e]d their [d]inner I, somehow, no [l]onger felt hung[r]y, [d]e[s]p[ite] eat[ing] noth[ing] [i]n the [i]n[ter]im, for the above [s]aid [r]easons. But, [i]n a[n]y [c]a[s]e, onto thi[s] a[n]e[c]d[o]te—[s]o it was a few years ag[o] at this [p]oint, Ho[r]atio was [p]ro[b]a[b]l[y] there, it was a mo[r]e o[r] [l]es[s] [n]onde[s]c[r]i[pt] [n]ight, abso[l]ute[l]y [n]othi[n]g of [n]ote was o[c]curr[ing], and I thin[k] all of us were [a]t th[at] [p]oint [q]uestio[n]ing [w]hy [w]e [w]ere [e]ven out, [w]hy [w]e [w]eren't at home s[ill]e[p]ing [l]i[k]e young children.

[W]e [w]ere at the [D][ea]n Hotel on [W]ashington St[r][ee]t in a [d]ar[k] [b]a[ck] [b]ar [c]alled the [M]ag[d]a[ri]e[n]a [R]oom where [n]othing [m]uch of [n]ote was going on, [n]ear[ly] [n]othing of [n]ote was ever g[oi]ng on [w]ith[in] the [w]alls of this h[ot]el [b]ar, [n]ever [m]ind in the [b]a[c]k room, [w]hich [w]as d[i]m[ly] [i]t i[n] a[n] a[l]m[ost] a[b]r[as]ive w[a]y and usual[ly] [a]t h[a]f [c]ap[a]c[it]y at [b]e[s]t. [B]ut [m]ay[b]e that's what the [v]enue i[n]te[n]d[ed], [m]a[y]b[e] the [m]a[i]n goal of the [v]enue was a[b]r[as]i[v]e [i]te[r]a[tions of [d]im lighting [a]nd h[a]f [c]ap[a]c[it]ies. I[n] a[n]y [c]a[s]e, I'm with a [f]ew [f]r[i]ends, Ho[r]a[tio m]a[y] have been there, and [t]w[o] well-[t]o-d[o] An[g]lo [g]irls are there, [a]nd one of us—not [m]e—a[t]t[em]pts to [c]o-[m]i[n]g[le] with the [t]wo [A]n[g]lo [g]irls, [a]nd a [c]onver[s]ation en[s]ues. One of our [f]r[i]ends is with[ou]t a d[ou]bt [a]i[m]ing to [e]n[g]a[ge] i[n] [c]on[s]e[n]sual [s]e[x]ual [e]n[c]ounters with these girls in the near [f]uture, at [l]east if the [e]n[c]ounter goes [a]cc[or]d[ing] to his [p]l[an], [h]owever, [h]is [p]l[an] is [a]b[ou]t to go un[e]x[p]e[c]t[ed][ly] [a]wry, things are in n[o] way [a]b[ou]t to g[o] [a]cc[or]d[ing] to his [p]l[an], [a]nd, in[a]dve[r]te[n]t[ly], I'm a[b]out to ensu[r]e his [p]l[an] is foiled [i]n a[n] [i]rreve[r]sib[le] man[n]er. [N]ot in the [s]i[ghte]s[t] are things goi[n]g [a]cc[or]din[g] to his [p]l[an], a[n]d I'm inadvertent[ly] [a]b[ou]t to [b]e the [c]ause of the fo[i]l[i]n[g]. I]nev[ita]b[ly] [b]oth girls [i]ve [i]n the [p]u[sh] [p]art of the [c]ity, they don't [h]ave [j]obs, or they [h]ave [j]obs they c[on]f[er]re[d] due to [s]tat[us]es of [b]eing young and opu[le]nt, they [i]nev[ita]b[ly] [b]eg[i]n to d[i]scu[ss] the variou[s] [p]ro[p]erti[es] their fami[ly]'s own, in [S]a[n] F[r]a[n]c[i]sco I [b]e[l]ieve, [p]erha[p]s s[ome] o[th]er out[r]ageous[ly] [o]p[ul]ent are[a]s of the U[S], may[b]e [e]ven over[s]ea[s]. I [f]orget the [s]p[eci]f[ic] [i]nc[as]es, I a[c]tual[ly] [p]aid [l]ittle to no atte[n]tio[n] to a[n]ything [e]i[ther] of th[e]se An[g]l[o] [g]irls said, there were a [f]ew [l]ocales whe[r]e thei[r] [f]a[ther]s' owned [th]is [p]ro[p]erty or [th]at [p]ro[p]erty, [th]ey'd [s]u[m]mer here or [th]ey'd [s]u[m]mer [th]ere, but it was [a]ll [o]p[ul]ent i[n] a[n]y [c]a[s]e, [s]ome a[r]ea where [o]n[ly] the m[ost] eg[r]eg[i]ous d[i]c[k]heads [i]ve. [I]t [d]idn't par[t]i[c]ular[ly] offend me, yet their [t]one was [c]on[d]e[sc]e[n]d[i]n[g] i[n] a way that all[m]o[s]t [m]ade you be[l]ieve they v[ie]wed y[ou] as an [e]qual, [w]hich [i]n[fer]ried m[e]. [W]hen [p]eo[p]le [i]n[ve]te[r]ate[ly] [b]e[l]ieve

them[s]elves to [b][e] [s]u[p]e[r]ior, yet [s]till h[a]ve the  
au[d][a][c]tivity to [c]on[d]e[s]cend as i[f] you're almo[s]t e[qu]als,  
[i]t'[s] [i]n[f]uriating. [A]s it [s]o h[a]ppened, I'[d] been [s]tu[d]ying  
a[n] exte[n][d]ed [d]o[c]ume[n]tary on the inter[n]et at wor[k] th[ai]t  
[a][f]ter[n]oon, it was a slow [a][f]ter[n]oon th[ai]t [a][f]ter[n]oon,  
[r]egar[d]ing the m[a]tting habits of [d]ol[ph]ins, in [f]act this vi[d]eo  
went into g[r][ea]t [d]etail [r]egar[d]ing the [s][p]e[c]i[f]i[c]  
[m]e[c]hani[c]s of how [d]ol[ph]ins [p]er[f]orm [s]ex, and I  
[p][r]o[c]ee[d]e[d] to share thi[s] in[f]or[m]ation [r]egar[d]ing the  
[s][p]e[c]i[f]i[c] [m]e[c]hani[c]s of [d]ol[ph]in [s]exual inter[c]our[s]e  
with the g[r]oup.

12—520:719 .723

[A][pp]arently this was [a] bit of [a] faux [p]aus on my [p]art,  
D[e][m]o—it was [c][l]ear these young [f][e][m]ales, although  
i[n]n[o]cent e[n]ou[gh], were ju[s]t of a [s]e[p]a[r]ate [c][l]a[ss],  
[a]nd [th]ey be[l]ieved [i]t, [a]nd [th]ey knew [i]t, [a]nd [th]ey had  
no [r]e[s]p[ect] [f]or the w[e]ll v[e]r[i]f[i]ed int[e]ll[i]gence of  
dol[ph]ins and their [s]exual [m]ating [m]echanic[s]. It was  
[t][r]u[e] [t]o them [th]at [th]ey were [s]u[p]e[r]ior—their  
an[c]e[s]tors were having [p]ebble wars and [ea]t[ti]ng  
m[e]d[i]um-[r]are [s]qui[r]rel, [w]hile our an[c]e[s]tors [w]ere  
w[r]iting ex[t]en[s]ive [c]o[m]m[en]t[ar]ies on [m]eta[ph]y[s]i[c]s  
and en[f]or[c]ing [c]o[m]p[l]e[x] [s]y[s]tems of [t]axation, [b]ut in  
our [c]u[r]rent mi[l]ieu they were [b]oth un[d]er[st]ood [i]f[y] of  
[s]u[p]e[r]ior [s]to[ck] to [a]nyone [e]l[s]e in the [r]oom,  
e[s]p[eci]al[l]y [m]y[s]elf. That [m]uch [c]ould not be [d]i[s]p[ut]ed,  
and I [d]on't [d]i[s]p[ut]e it [t]o thi[s] [d]ay. Yet to [d]i[s]c[u]ss the  
i[n]t[r]i[c]a[c]ies of [d]ol[ph]in i[n]ter[c]our[s]e was, in their eyes,  
[s]omething [r]evoltin[g], [s]omething [f]or [l]a[ck] of a better word  
[c][l]a[ss]i[f]e[s]. It was e[ss]entia[l]ly a [M]arxi[s]t ane[c]d[o]te,  
[n]o[t]ing [s]p[e]c[i]f[i]c[al]l[y] how [d]ol[ph]in [p]e[n]i[s]  
[p]e[n]etrates [d]ol[ph]in vag[i]na in the [M]ag[d]a[l]e[n]a [R]oom  
that [n]ight. I g[r]ew up i[n]un[d]ated with Angl[o]-Saxons,  
[D]e[m]o, and [l] k[n]ow when [l]m b[e]ing viewed [a]s [a]n  
Other, in fa[c]t I k[n]ow [i]t [i]n[s]t[i]n[c]t[i]ve[l]ly, it's [s]omething  
that e[ss]entia[l]ly [r]u[n]s in my [b]l[oo]d, and this was a  
[p]arti[c]u[l]ar[l]y eg[r]e[g]ious [c]a[s]e. And it [b]e[c]ame  
[p]arti[c]u[l]ar[l]y eg[r]e[g]ious [f]o[l]l[ow]ing [m]y [m]o[n]o[l]ogue  
i[l]l[u]m[in]ating the [m]e[c]h[an]i[c]s of dol[ph]in i[n]ter[c]our[s]e.  
I [m]a[y] have [m]a[de] a [f]ew [s]ub[s]e[qu]ent o[ff]-[c]olor

[c]o[mm]ents on[c]e the [c]onver[s]ation was [c][i][ea]r[l][y] going  
 [c]omp[li]e[te][ly] [d]ownhill, on[c]e thi[s] [d]i[s]c[us]sion was  
 [c][i]ear[l][y] i[r]re[p]a[r]a[b]le. I [p][r]o[b]a[b]l[ly] [r]aised my  
 [v]oi[c]e to an ina[d][v]isa[b]le [d]e[c]i[b]el le[v]el. [B]ut i[n] a[n]y  
 [c][a]se I [c][a]me to [d]e[s]pise these two i[n]no[c]ent young  
 fe[m]ales. And in [r]et[r]o[s]p[ect], if I'm [h][o]lding [m]y[s]el[f] to  
 the [h]ighe[s]t [s]tandard of hone[s]ty, I de[s]p[is]ed them at [f]ir[s]t  
 [s]ight. The [s]e[c]ond our [f]r[ie]n[d]—Ho[r]a[tio [m][a]y have  
 bee[n] there—[m]a[de] the a[cq]u[ai]ntan[c]e of th[e]se two  
 [f]e[m]ales I i[m]m[e]d[i]ate[ly] [d]e[s]pised them.  
 In[s]tinctive[ly] I k[n]ew [th]e [th]r[ee] of us [c]ould [n]ever b[e]  
 [c]ordial, th[at] p[er]h[a]p[s] the [s]a[ck]ing of  
 [C]on[s]tan[tin]o[p]le in [T]welve [O]h Four [s]till [d]ivi[d]e[d] us  
 i[n] a[n] i[m]m[utable] [m]a[n]ner. I [b]e[l]ieve in the [p]er[p]etuating  
 [c]ha[r]a[c]te[r]i[s]tic[s] of [b]lood, [D]e[m]o, I [d]on't [c]a[r]e what  
 the [s]cienti[s]ts [s]ay. [S]p[irit]s are [a]l[w]ays [a]mong us and  
 [w]here [b]etter to [b]ury [th]em[s]elves [th]an [w]ithin our  
 [b]lood[s]t[r]eams? If the [s]p[irit]s of an[c]e[s]tors are [b]u[r]ied  
 any[w]here [i]t's [w]i[th]ou[t] a d[ou]bt in our [b]lood[s]t[r]eams. If  
 the tortured [s]ouls of our muti[li]ated an[c]e[s]tors are [b]u[r]ied  
 any[w]here in the [w]orld [i]t's [w]i[th]in our [b]lood[s]t[r]eams,  
 D[e]mo. F[r]om the [s]eco[n]d I [s]aw these two in[n]o[c]ent,  
 [d]e[c]ent-looking girls I [d]e[s]pised them, and I [n]e[ver]  
 qu[e]st[i]oned [i]t. [I]n[s]tin[c]tively I k[n]ew [d]i[s]c[u]ssing  
 [d]ol[ph]in [b]o[n]ers would [b]e a [b]ho[r]rent t[o] these in[n]o[c]ent  
 young [f]emales, and I [r]elayed the a[n]e[c]d[ote] without  
 hesitation.

13—448:606 .739

The [s]e[c]ond their [f]a[c]es [f]i[l]led w[i]th [d]i[s]gust [a]t my  
 [a]n[e]c[dot]e I was [s]a[t]i[s]fied. If they wal[k]ed [i]nto th[is]  
 [r]oom [r]ight [n]ow I'd imm[e]d[i]ately start to, yet again,  
 [d]i[s]c[u]ss the me[c]hani[c]s of [d]ol[ph]in [i]n [i]n[ter]c[our]se.  
 [D]ol[ph]ins are high[ly] i[n]te[l]lige[n]t [m]a[m]m[als]—[w]hy  
 shouldn't [w]e [l]earn, in-[d]epth, a[b]out their [m]ating ha[b]its? It  
 [s]eems entire[ly] [l]ogical to me, [e]ven now. Yet [w]e should be  
 hone[s]t [w]ith our[s]elves, [w]e shouldn't min[c]e [w]ords, [w]e  
 shouldn't [c]o[w]er to euphe[m]ism, be[c]ause every[o]ne is  
 Ang[lo]. [M]y[be] I haven't [m]a[de] that [a]b[un]dant[ly] c[l]ear  
 yet, [b]ut we're [a]ll essentia[ly] Ang[lo], we [c]ontain resi[d]ual  
 amounts of the H[e]nri[n]c, we're [d]i[r]e[c]t [d]e[s]ce[n]d[ant]s

of the [s]o-[c]alled Byzantine, the [p]ωμο[σ]ύβ[η], but [e]ssential[ly] [e]ve[ry]one is Ang[lo], u[s] in c[on]cluded. You may [s]it here and [p]r[o]p[ose] that, [s]ay, [P]uert[o] [R]i[c]ans are [s]omehow [d]i[s]tin[c]t from the m[e]d[i]an [w]hite, [w]hen in a[c]tua[li]ty [P]uerto [R]i[c]ans are Ang[lo]. But [D]o[m]i[n]i[c]ans are [d]i[f]fe[r]ent, [r]ight?—[n]o, [D]o[m]i[n]i[c]ans are [a]c[tua]lly [A]ng[lo] [a]s well. [A]f[r]o-[A]m[e]r[i]cans are in [c]r[e]dib[ly] [A]ng[lo], in [f]a[c]t. The [P]ortuguese are [d]e[f]inite[ly] Ang[lo], [th]ey're [th]e a[p]ex of Ang[lo], the [S]p[an]ish [a]re [a]ll[s]o [t]o[ta]lly Ang[lo], and the [I]talians are [a]s [A]ng[lo] [a]s anyone, Fi[l]i[p]i[n]o[s]—we [c]an't de[n]y their e[ss]ential[ly] Ang[li]cism, be[c]ause we're all e[ss]ential[ly] [e]q[ua]lly Ang[lo], wherever [C]atho[li]cism and [i]t[s] meta[ph]y[s]i[cs] has [s]p[r]ead, the Ang[lo] [w]orld [w]ith[ou]t a d[ou]bt has [f]o[l]lowed, whe[re]ver the [s]ordid meta[ph]y[s]i[c]s of the [C]atho[li]c church h[as] [p]l[anted] its [r]oots, [A]ng[li]cism has [p]r[o]p[agated] unabridged. [A]ng[lo], [F]r[an]k[s], Ve[n]etia[n]s, [I]talians, the Ger[m]a[n]i[c] [t]r[ibes], we [sh]oul[d]n't [l]ose [m]uch [s]l[ee]p in [d]i[s]tingu[ish]ing these [t]erms, [b]e[c]ause they're all [s]u[b]s[e]c[t]s of each other [e]ss[en]tia[ly], we [sh]ouldn't [l]ie to our[s]elves about [th]at. [Th]ese [t]erms [e]n[c]ompa[ss] the [e]n[t]ire world and for that r[ea]son [s]ub[s]e[qu]ent[ly] m[ea]n e[ss]ential[ly] nothing. We [a]ll [a]tt[empt] [t]o quar[r]y g[r]ou[ps] of [p]eop[le] off by the [t]i[n]t of their s[k]i[n], the sha[p]es of their eyes, the [c]on[t]ours of their [n]oses, [th]e [th]i[ck]n[ess] of their [l]i[ps], when the [r]ea[li]ty is [e]ve[ry]one is e[ss]ential[ly] [A]ng[lo]. Mi[c]hael [J]or[d]an [i]n [i]n[c]re[d]ib[ly] [A]ng[lo]. As are [L]arry [B]ird and Sha[q]ui[le] O'N[ea]l. [C]aitly[n] [J]e[n]ner is [n]oth[ing] [i]f [n]ot [A]ng[lo], [a]nd the [K]ard[as]hians are the [s]p[irit]u[al] [i]m[age] of [A]ng[li]c[i]sm. The world [i]s [i]n[c]re[d]ib[ly] [c]omp[lex], [b]ut at times it [c]an [b]e [d]ivi[d]ed [e]ven[ly] in[t]o [t]wo—the Ang[lo] world and the [s]o-[c]alled Gree[k] [w]orld, [w]hich n[on] [l]onger exi[s]ts.

14—448:651 .688

The world [i]s [i]n[c]redib[ly] [c]om[p]l[ex], [b]ut at [c]ertain times it [c]an [b]e easi[ly] [s]p[lit] [d]own the m[idd]le, at [t]imes the world re[d]u[ces] [t]o e[ss]ential[ly] [t]wo [d]i[m]ensions, in [s]ome [w]ays the [w]orld on[ly] exi[s]ts [t]wo [d]i[m]ensional[ly], the [s]c[h]i[sm] be[tw]een the

[C]atho[li]c[i]sm that over[t]oo[k] the [w]orld and the Orthodox[y] that [e]ventual[ly] [b]e[c]ame [m]o[r]e o[r] [i]ss [e]xtinguished, [m]ay[b]e that's one in[s]tan[c]e of [b]i[n]ar[y] [s]i[m]p[li]c[i]t[y], the [i]de[a] of [a] God who w[a]nts to hear your [p]ett[y] [s]ins, who [w]ants to [s]p[eak] [w]ith you and have [s]ome ty[p]e of [r]e[li]a[t]ion[sh]i[p]. A [p]er[s]onal [r]e[li]a[t]ion[sh]i[p] w[i]th God—it's the mo[s]t ab[s]urd thing. It's e[ss]ential[ly] [a]th[e]ism. There's on[ly] one end-g[ame] to be[l]ieving the [a]ll[eg]ed [C]re[ator] of the Univer[s]e wants to [h]ear [a]b[ou]t [h]ow you [s]to[l]e a [b]ag of [L]ays chip[s] from your [U]ni[v]er[s]ity [c]on[ve]nien[c]e [s]tore as an [ei]ghteen year old—the on[ly] end-g[ame] to that [s]ort of meta[ph]y[s]i[c]s [i]s [a]theism. It's r[ati]o[n]al[is]m [d]ua[li]s[t] [b]ut al[s]o [d]e[light]ful[ly] athei[s]t. I[f] y[ou] tr[u]l[y] [b]el[ie]ve God [w]i[sh]es to [s]peak [w]i[th] y[ou] about the [y]oung man [y]ou [v]i[c]i[ous]l[y] threatened with [v]io[le]n[c]e [w]hen [y]ou [w]ere on[ly] ninet[ee]n [y]ears old th[e]n [y]ou're e[ss]ential[ly] an ath[e]i[s]t. That's how we [c]ould be[s]t de[s]c[r]ibe it. An idea [th]at [th]e ex[p]er[i]en[c]e of God is [s]umma[r]ized verbal[ly], [a]nd th[at] all [s]p[irit]ual ex[p]er[i]en[c]e mu[s]t [d]efer to a[n] i[n]tel[le]ctual un[d]er[s]tan[d]ing of it—we're all Ang[el]o now. Of [c]our[s]e I [d]e[s]pised th[o]se two i[n]n[o]c[e]n[t] An[g]e[lo] [g]irls, be[c]ause I [s]aw [m]y[s]elf in them—in [s]o [m]any ways I've [b]e[c]ome a[n] i[n]n[o]c[e]n[t] An[g]e[lo] [g]irl ju[s]t [b]y d[i]f[er]e[n]t [i]n the world [i]n a [c]on[t]i[n]uous fashion. Wh[y] haven't I re[t]ired [t]o an o[b]s[c]ure mountain [s]omewhere, to [b]e[c]o[m]e ρωμιο[σ]ύνη again? [B]ut that's wh[y] I have no [q]ualms a[b]out de[s]p[is]ing [c]ertain [p]eo[p]le for no [p]arti[cu]lar r[ea]son—[b]e[c]ause, at [b]ottom, we're all essentia[ly] Ang[el]o. Yet, if we're [b]eing hone[s]t with our[s]elves, it's [o]n[ly] the h[um]e[less] who t[r]u[ly] [r]ecognize the absur[d]ity of our a[ll]ege[d] i[n]d[i]v[idual]ism—a [p]oor guy [s]i[m]p[ly] in the [s]tr[ee]t, [a]nd we [a]ct [a]s if he [m]u[r]de[r]ed a [m]an. [S]o[m]e[o]ne falls on hard times, [b]eg[i]ns d[re]a[m]i[n]g heavi[ly], p[ro]b[ab]l[y] [d]oes a [d]e[cent] amount of [d]rugs, [h]e [l]oses [h]is job, [h]is [h]ome, [h]is wife [l]eaves [h]im, [h]e's [r]e[d]u[c]ed to [b]egging [p]eo[p]le on [s]t[re]et [c]orners for [d]o[ll]ar [b]ills and [s]leeping in a[l]ley[ways], and [w]e [a]ct [a]s if [h]is [h]ardshi[p] is a[n] i[n]c[on]venien[c]e [f]or u[s]—we're o[ff]e[n]ded at his [p]overty. I've ex[p]er[i]en[c]ed [m]ore [m]ali[c]e [d]i[r]e[c]ted at bums in the [p]a[s]t [d]e[c]ade tha[n] a[n]y

[p][r][e]v[i]ous [d]e[c]ade I [c]an [r]e[c]all, the mali[c]e toward  
bums [s][ee]ms to b[e] in[c][r][ea][s]ing in this [c]ountry [a]t [a]n  
alm[o]st exp[o]nential [r]ate.

15—553:720 .768

They [v]iew it as a [s]e[v]ere aff[r]ont to [th]eir [i]i[b]erty [th]at a  
[b]um—who [s][i][ee][p]s in a [i]ey[s] and [r]emains [p]ar[k]ed  
e[ss]ential [i]y at [d]eath's [d]oor [d]ay and night—should a[s][k]  
them for [s][p]are change. Our [s]o[c]iet[y] abj[ect][i]y fails  
[p]eo[p]le, and [p]eo[p]le [w]ith a [l]leged moral [s]tanding [w]ithin  
our [s]o[c]iet[y] can hard[ly] [b]e [b]othered to [e]ven [w]itne[ss]  
a [b]um, to gaze at a [b]um [f]or a [b]r[ie]f pe[r]iod of time, i[f]  
they're [f]or[c]ed to [e]ven [m]i[n]i[m]al [i]n [t]e[r]a[c]t with a  
[b]um they [v]iew it [a]s a [s]ort of [s]a[c]r[i]fice. [V]iewing a  
[p]er[s]on [s]ans a [d]omi[n]ile is [c]on[s]id[er]ed an aff[r]ont to  
good [t]a[s]te. [B]ut who wouldn't [t]os[s] a [c]ou[p]le ex[t]ra  
[b]a[ck] if they [n]o longer [h]ad a [h]o[m]e? There's [n]o doubt  
that [t]o [s]ome ex[t]ent we—all of u[s]—have failed th[e]se  
[p]eo[p]le in [s]ome way that's [p]ro[b]a[b]ly mate[r]ial. It's  
one thing to [b]e [d]ow[n] and [ou]t—[b]ut to [b]e on the [s]t[r]eet  
[d]r[i]n[k]ing a half-[f]illed [C]o[c]ca-[C]o[ff]ea [b]ottle [f]ill[ed]  
w[ith] [i]c[e] [s]u[b]s[t]a[n]c[es], a[s]king [s]t[r]angers for  
mon[ey], [c]o[n]f[ess]ion on [i]y partia[l]ly a [w]a[r]e of [w]he[r]e you  
are, that [sh]ould, [f]r[an]k[ly], be [sh]ame[ful] [f]or all of us.  
Any[o]ne [c]an be[c]o[m]e a [c]r[im]i[n]al [a]ddi[c]t. [I]f the  
h[i]s[t]o[r]y of [c]r[im]i[n]al in this [c]ount[r]y has taught u[s]  
[a]nything it's that [a]ny[o]ne [c]an be[c]o[m]e a [c]r[im]i[n]al head.  
We're all [c]a[p]a[b]le of [b]e[c]o[m]ing [c]r[im]i[n]al heads, given the  
a[pp]r[op]r[i]ate [c]ir[c]u[m]s[t]a[n]c[es]. The whites of [A]m[e]r[i]c[a]  
[i]n [a]ughed [a]t the b[la]ck[s] of [A]m[e]r[i]c[a] du[r]ing the  
[c]r[im]i[n]al e[r]a, as the U[n]ited States govern[m]ent [p]um[p]ed  
[c]r[im]i[n]al into [b]l[ack] [n]eigh[b]orhoods, on [i]y to,  
[d]e[c]a[d]es [l]ater, f[i]nd ent[ire] [l]ower-[c]l[as]s white  
[c]o[m]munit[ies] [t]urned in [t]o ju[n]k[ie]s, [b]a[ck]ed [b]y the  
U[n]ited [S]tates govern[m]ent, [b]a[ck]ed [b]y the  
phar[m]a[ce]uti[c]al [c]ompanies, who  
[i]nd[i]s[c]r[i]m[i]nate[ly] to[ss]ed he[r]oin e[qu]iva[l]ents at  
any [l]ower-[c]l[as]s [w]hite [w]ith a [s]p[r]ained an[k]le that  
[w]ent [t]o their ph[ys]i[c]ian. A[n] e[n]t[ire] ge[n]e[r]ation of white  
junkie e[m]erged s[e]e[m]ing[ly] overn[i]gh[t], the [l]aughter of  
wh[ite]s [c]a[ck]l[ing] at [c]r[im]i[n]al [c]o[c]aine un[d]oubt[ed][ly]

[r]esoun[d][i]ng [i]n the [b][a][ck]g[r]ound. Yet just as the [b][l]a[ck] [p]o[p]u[l]ation of Ame[r]i[c]a e[ss]ential[ly] had no choi[c]e [b]ut to [b]e[c]ome [b][l]a[ck] [c][r]a[ck]heads, the white [p]o[p]u[l]ation of A[m]er[i]c[a] has si[m]i[l]ar[ly] invo[un]t[ar]i[ly] [t]ran[s]f[orm]ed in[t]o white jun[k]ies. [Ph]arma[c]euti[c]al [c]om[p]an[ie]s have a[t]tained [m]ul[t]i-billion dol[lar] [m]ar[k]et [c]a[p]s al[m]o[s]t ex[c]l[usive]ly by [t]urning [p]oor [w]h[ite]s in[t]o [w]h[ite] jun[k]ies. Yet no [o]ne [w]ants to [d]eal [w]ith [w]h[ite] jun[k]ies [w]h[ile] they're [d]rin[k]ing [w]h[ite] [a]nd h[a]ving [a]p[pe]t[iz]ers. The [s]e[r]v[er]s and the [c]u[s]t[ome]r[s] [c]onve[r]s[e] about what [s]t[e]p[s] the [c]ity should [t]a[k]e [t]o [c]oun[t]e[r]a[c]t the white jun[k]ies and the b[la]ck [c]r[ack]heads who invade the [l]i[n]es of s[i]ght of [p]eo[p]le who've [d]r[iven] tens of miles to [s]t[u]ff their [f]a[c]es with [c]a[l]a[m]a[r]i and [m]ozza[r]e [s]t[ic]ks and ja[pa]no [p]o[pp]ers, to [d]r[ink] [c]r[aft] beers and [s]u[ck] [d]own wine [s]p[irit]s. Th[e]se [p]eo[p]le just [c]an't get enou[gh] t[r]a[n]s [f]a[t], and they hate [b]ums. Th[e]se [p]eo[p]le [s]p[end] hours a day exam[i]n[ing] the [i]nt[er]a[c]t[iv]e of [c]r[aft] [b]eer [b]ut [c]om[p]l[e]te[ly] [l]a[ck] the teme[r]ity to [e]ven [s]p[ea]k with a [b]um.

16—516:676 .763

It never occurs to any of th[e]se [p]eo[p]le [t]hat [t]heir own [l]atent ma[l]i[c]e [i]s [d]i[r]ect[ly] [r]e[s]pon[s]ible [f]or the [d]i[a]p[ri]d[ate]d [s]t[ate] of their [f]el[low] [c]i[t]i[z]ens, [t]hat [t]heir [c]om[p]l[i]c[i]t[y], their myo[p]i[c] and en[d]u[r]ing i[d]io[c]r[y] has [d]i[r]ect[ly] [r]esulted in a [s]tate that's shame[less]ly [p]ro[d]u[c]ed white jun[k]ies [a]nd b[la]ck [c]r[ack]heads at a[l]arming [r]ates. It's a shame [t]hat [t]he [c]i[t]y [i]sn't [d]oing more, th[e]se [p]eo[p]le [s]ay without a [t]r[an]s[c]e of i[r]ony, and [t]hen [t]hey [d]i[s]c[u]ss the [t]ange[r]ine a[ft]er[t]a[s]te in an over[p]r[i]c[e]d [c]r[aft] [b]eer. Do you [t]aste [t]ange[r]ine at all?—No, I was getting [a] [b]it of [a] [B]artlett [p]ear a[ft]er[t]a[s]te! The [p]eo[p]le who [d]r[ink] [c]r[aft] [b]eer, it [s]eem[s] to [m]e, [d]e[s]p[ite] their a[d]van[t]ageou[s] and [c]al[cu]l[ate]d [p]oses of [l]ib[er]a[l]ism, are the [m]o[s]t una[p]o[li]t[ic]a[l]ly [c]a[p]ita[l]i[s]t [c]r[im]i[n]als we have [i]n th[i]s [c]ount[r]y. I've never heard a [c]r[aft] [b]eer enthusia[s]t a[p]o[log]ize [f]or the idio[c]y of his [c]al[cu]l[ate]d [l]ib[er]al [p]oses. The [c]r[aft] [b]eer d[r]in[k]ers instead m[ai]nt[ain] a t[r]ans[p]a[r]ent [p]ose of [b]enign [l]ib[er]a[l]ism, y[e]t [s]p[end

all of their [t][i]me [t][r][y]ing [t]o de[t]e[c]t the [s][i]ghte[s]t [t][r]a[c]e of Bart[li]ett [p]ear [i]n [a] [C]o[c]nut [l]i[n]di[a] [P][a]le [A]le—as o[pp]osed [t]o [e]ve[n] [a][t]tem[p]ting to [h]el[p] any of their fellow [h]uman b[e]i[n]gs. Th[e]se [p][eo][p]le who su[pp]ort [c][r]aft [b]eer ch[oo]se [t]o [b]uy [b][r]ands that a[l]l[e]g[e][d][l]y [d]o[n]ate to Good [C]auses, they [p][o][s]t to [s]o[c]ial [p][l]atforms to make [p]eo[p]le they d[o]n't k[n]ow aware [th]at [th]ey [b]uy The [S]o[c]ially Re[s]p[on]si[b]le [B]eers, k[n]o[w]ing [e]ntire[l]ly well that all of these d[o]nations are [e]ssentia[l]ly cri[m]i[n]al, that [n]one of thi[s] [m][o]n[e]y ever [r]ea[che]s the [p][eo][p]le it [n]eed[s] to [r]ea[ch, wh[i]ch [i]s [r]ea[d]ily a[p]pa[r]ent, [b]e[c]ause when they [s]it [d]own to or[d]er [s]aid [c][r]aft [b]eer all they [s]ee are [b]ums. [O]nly a [c][r]a[ft] beer d[r]in[k]er would [c]o[n]c[l]ude the [m]o[st] e[ff]icient way of [h]el[p]ing [h]is [f]e[l]l[ow] [h]u[m]an [b]e[i]ng is [b]uying [m]ore [c][r]a[ft] [b]eer. The [r]ea[l]ity is [n]one of us k[n]ow [w]hat [t]o [d]o [w]ith [b]ums, [w]e're [p][r]iv[y] to [n]o [b]um [s]o[l]utions, [n]o [s]o[l]ution to our [b]um [p][r]o[b]l[em]s, yet we k[n]ow all of these [b]ums are e[ss]entia[l]ly Ang[l]o. The white jun[k]ie and [b]l[a]ck [c]r[a]ckhead are [b]o[th] at [b]ottom entire[l]ly Ang[l]o. We k[n]ow how to [p][r]o[d]uce [b]u[ms], [b]u[t] we have [n]o [i]dea [w]hat [t]o [d]o [w]ith these [b]u[ms] o[n]ce [w]e've [p][r]o[d]uced them. We [p][r]o[d]uce [b]ums shame[l]e[ss][l]y, and then even more [sh]ame[l]e[ss][l]y w[e] [sh]u[n] th[e]se [b]u[ms] from a[cc]epta[b]le [s]o[c]iety. Yo[u]'ll never meet [a] [p]erson at [a] [r]estau[r]ant d[ow]ntow[n] who [u]sed to [b]e a [b]um. It's im[p]o[ss]i[b]le for [b]ums to [r]e-en[t]er in[t]o [s]o[c]iety, there's a [w]all, an in[s]urmounta[b]le [w]all that's [c]o[n]s[t]ructed a[r]ound eve[r]y [b]u[m] [i]n th[i]s [c]o[un]t[r]y, betw[ee]n the st[r]ee[t]s of a [d]ow[n]tow[n] and the [r]estau[r]ants of a [d]ow[n]tow[n]. A [r]estau[r]ant-g[oe]r [c]an [b]e[c]o[m]e a [b]u[m], [b]u[t] a [b]u[m] will never a[g]ain [b]e[c]ome a [r]estau[r]ant-g[oe]r.

17—500:689 .726

The harsh rea[l]ity is [th]at [th]ere's [l]ittle we can [d]o [f]or our [f]e[l]l[ow] [c]i[t]i[z]ens who've reached [s]uch [d]i[st]a[n]c[e]d [s]t[ate]s more [th]an [s]im[p]l[y] talking to [th]em, and th[i]s [i]s [s]o[m]ething anyone who's [b]een in a [d]i[st]a[n]c[e]d [s]t[ate] knows to [b]e [p]ro[f]ound[l]y [t]rue. The e[n]tire i[n]du[s]t[r]y of [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and w[h]ores, in [f]act, should [b]e

[r]e[h]a[b]i[l]it[a]ted [b][a]sed on this [p]oint a[l]l[o]ne, because n[o] one in our [s]o[c]iety gives the [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]a]ted [p]er[s]on more [t]ime of [d][ay] [t]han [t]he exo[t]ic [d]an[c]er. It's un[d]oubte[d][l]y true [t]hat, [t]h[i]s [c]e[n]tur[y], the exoti[c] [d]an[c]ing [c]o[m]u[n]it[y] has [d]one [m]ore for the [d][i]l[a]p[i]d]ated [p]er[s]on [c]o[m]mu[n]it[y] than the [C]atho[l]i[c] [c]h[ur]ch [c]o[m]mu[n]it[y]. Be[c]ause [s]tri[pp]ers and whores [i]nnate[l]y g[i]ve the [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]a]ted [p]er[s]on the time of [d][ay], any [s]tri[pp]er worth her [s]alt [i]n[s]t[i]n[c]t[i]ve[l]y kn[ow]s how to [s]p[ea]k to the [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated [s][ou], the [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated [p]er[s]on ju[s]t needs [s]omeone to [l]i[s]ten to a [s]ob [s]tory for a [s]e[c]ond of time, [f]or [s]omeone to [c]are [f]or [a] [f]r[a]c[tio[n] of a[n] iot[a] of their day, to p[r]e[t]end [t]o [c]are in a way that's not g[r]o[s]s[l]y [c]o[n]d[es]c[en]d[ing] in the [c][a]ssic bu[r]eau[c]r[ati]c [m]a[n]ner. Yet [t]here's [t]h[i]s [m]i[s]guided n[ot]ion [t]hat [t]he [s]t[r]ipper [o]n[l]y [t]al[k]s [t]o [c]u[s]to[m]ers, whe[n] i[n] [f]a[c]t the [s]tri[pp]er [s]p[ea]ks to [i]nfi[n]ite[l]y [m]ore [p]otential [c]u[s]to[m]ers th[a]n [a]c[tual [c]u[s]to[m]ers—the [s]u[cc]e[ss]f[ul] [s]tri[pp]er, in [f]a[c]t, has no [m]ore than a [s]m[all] hand[f]ul of [c]u[s]tomers that [p]lay her [b]ills—and, [b]y [c]o[n]tra[s]t, it's th[e]se [p]otential [c]u[s]to[m]ers who are [i]nfi[n]ite[l]y [m]ore [l]i[k]e[l]y to be [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated. The a[c]tual [c]u[s]to[m]er is [m]ore [l]i[k]e[l]y to be o[p]u[l]ent and jovial, un[r]e[s]t[r]ained and [d]e[c]a[d]ent, while the [p]otential [c]u[s]to[m]er is [a]ll [m]ost [a]ll ways entire[l]y [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated. G[i]v[ing] th[i]s [p]o[t]ential cu[s]tomer the [t]ime of day is [a]lmo[s]t [a] [r]e[l]i[g[i]ous act on [t]he [p]arts of [t]he [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores. And it's for [p]r[e]c[i]s[e]l[y] thi[s] [r]ea[s]on I have [s]o [m]uch [m]ore [r]e[s]p[ect] for [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores than I [d]o [f]or the [m]e[d]i[a]n [c]r[a]ft [b]eer [d]r[in]k[er]. W[e] [b]e[l]i[e]v[e] [c]r[a]ft [b]eer [d]r[in]k[er]s are [l]a[u]d[a]b[le] mem[b]ers of our [s]o[c]iety, [w]hile [w]e [d]e[n]ig[r]ate [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores, [b]ut I a[c]t[ua]l[l]y find [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores to [b]e [l]a[u]d[a]b[le] mem[b]ers of our [s]o[c]iety, wh[i]le [l] [d]e[n]ig[r]ate [c]r[a]ft beer [d]r[in]k[er]s. There's [o]n[l]y [s]o much you [c]an do for a guy who's [b]e[c]o[m]e a [b]u[m] on the [s]t[r]eet, one [p]arti[c]u[l]ar [b]um a[p]p[r]oach[ed] me on a [s]e[c]o[n]d [d]a[te] i[n] a[n] a[l]l[eyw]ay a[n]d [r]e[f]erred to the [g]irl I [w]as [w]ith as my [w]i[f]e, and I [g]ave him ten [d]o[l]lars, but even that [t]en [d]o[l]lars wasn't [s]in[c]ere, that [t]en [d]o[l]lars was a [d]i[s]ingenuou[s] [t]en

[d]ol[li]ars, it was obviou[s]l[y] [f]or the be[n]e[ff]it of the girl I [w]as [w]ith. You [n]eed to [s][p][ea]k to [p][eo][p]le in [d][i]a[p]i[d][a]ted [s]t[ate]s, [l]arge[l]y [b]e[c]ause it's the onl[y] thing you [c]an [d]o that will, [a]t [b]ottom, h[ave] a [p][a]l[p]a[b]le effe[ct].

18—506:657 .770

What hap[pens] to them will [l]arge[l]y [b]e [f]ata[l]i[s]ti[c], it will [b]e a matter of [f]ate [s]tat[i]s[t]i[c]ally [s][p]ea[k]ing, [b]ut it's [j][u]s[t] [u]tter [c][r]uel[t]y [t]o ignore them, [t]o [t][r]ea[t] them as [p][eo][p]le who [d]on't [d]eserve the [t]ime of [d]ay, [n]ot eve[n] [a][n] iota of your [a]fter[n]oon, to [c]om[p]l[ai]n to your [w]ai[te]r [b]e[c]ause a [w]hite jun[k]ie in your [l]i[n]e of s[i]ght is ruining the [B]artl[ett] [p]ear after[t]aste of your [t]en do[ll]ar I[P][A]. [B]ut th[i]s [i]s what's happened to [s]o many [d]ow[n]t[ow]ns, these [s]ame [d]ow[n]t[ow]ns I [s]till g[o] to, these [d]ow[n]t[ow]ns th[at] h[ave] [m]y [m]e[m]ories [f]ol[d]ed into them, [m]aybe a [d]e[c]ad[e] or [m]ore [f]ol[d]ed into [th]em—[th]ey've [b]e[c]ome i[n]un[d]ated with [c][r]aft [b]eer [d][r]in[k]ers. It's [n]ot [th]e [b]ums who o[ff]end me, [n]o, it's the [c][r]aft [b]eer [d][r]in[k]ers who o[ff]end me. It's the [p]eo[p]le who [b]e[l]i[e]ve twelve [d]o[ll]ars for a [b]eer is an a[pp]r[op]r[i]ate [p]r[i]ce to [p]ay for a [b]eve[r]age. It's the [p]eo[p]le who thin[k] [d]i[s]c[u]ssing the afterta[s]te of ho[p]s is an a[pp]r[op]r[i]ate [c]onver[s]ation to have in [p]ub[li]c. It's the [p]eo[p]le who be[l]i[e]ve [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores are [p]eo[p]le we should [l]ook down u[p]on a [p]r[i]o[r]i—it's the [p]eo[p]le who [m]ai[n[t]ai[n] all the [s]o[ci]a[l]l[y] a[pp]r[op]r[i]ate o[p]inions but [d]i[s]p[lay] all of the [m]o[s]t [c]o[w]ardl[y] [t]e[n]d[e]n[c]ies. Our [d]ow[n]t[ow]ns are [b]eing [r]uined [b]y th[e]se [p]eo[p]le, w[h]o h[ave] the [c]o[r]re[c]t o[p]i[n]i[on]s on eve[r]y issue—at [b]ottom all th[e]se [p]eo[p]le [c]are a[b]out is m[ai]n[t]ai[n]ing the [c]o[r]re[c]t o[p]i[n]i[on] on any issue [a]t h[an]d. Our [d]ow[n]t[ow]ns [w]ere [o]n[c]e [g]r[ea]t [p]l[ac]es to [g]r[ab] a [s]l[i]c[e] of [p]izza—f[i]lled w[i]th bums and [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores—[b]ut [n]ow our [d]ow[n]t[ow]ns are i[n]un[d]ated with [c][r]aft [b]eer [d][r]in[k]ers and [f]r[i]ed [c][a]l[am]a[r]i and [m]ozza[r]e[l]l[a] [s]ti[ck]s and j[a]l[p]e[n]o [p]o[pp]ers and [p]eo[p]le who have [s]o[ci]a[l]l[y] a [c]c[e]p[t]able o[p]i[n]i[on]s on [e]ve[r]ything. [I]t's [d]i[s]g[u]s[t]ing [r]ea[l]l[y]. [B]u[t] o[f] course a[l]l [r]a[t]iona[l]i[s]m [i]s [l]ittle more than a [b]u[r]d[en] [p]r[op]a[n]d[a]. It's onl[y] via [r]a[t]iona[l]i[s]m, [a]n [e]s[s]e[n]tia[l]l[y] Angl[o] con[c]e[pt], that we find

our[s]elves [w][i]th[i]n a [p][r][i]sm [w]here eve[r]y[thi]ng [i]s  
 Ang[l]o, [w]h[e]re [e]ve[r]y [w]hite jun[k]ie and b[l][a]ck  
 [c][r][a][ck]head are [e][q]ua[l][i]y Ang[l]o. It's [o]n[l]y [w]he[n]  
 [w]e atte[n]d the [f]une[r]als of c[l]o[se] [f][r]ie[n]ds who die  
 ab[s]urd[ly] young that w[e] [r]ea[l]ize [th]i[s], [th]a[t] all  
 [r]a[tiona][i]sm [i]s [l]ittle more than [l]u[r]id absu[r][d][i]st  
 [p][r]o[p]agan[d]a. On[l]y [p][eo]p]le who attend these  
 [f]une[r]als under[s]tand thi[s] [f]rom ex[p]e[r]ien[ce]. We [r]ealize  
 not ju[s]t the a[b]surdit[y] of th[e]se [c]onver[s]ations [b]ut the  
 a[b]surdit[y] of our[s]elves—A[n]d eve[n] i[n] my [c]ase, it was  
 on[l]y a [f]ew years [a]g[o] when [a] [g]ood [f]riend of m[i]ne  
 [f][i]nal[ly], a[ft]er years of [s]ee[m]ing[l]y [c]ea[s]e[ss]  
 [s]uffe[r]ing, g[a]ve in to [l]a[te] s[t]a[ge] b[r][ai]n [c]an[ce]r. The  
 entire ord[er] was [c]ri[m]i[n]al, and to [b]e [c]l[ea]r I was  
 p[ro]b[a]b[ly] one of the [m]ost [c]ri[m]i[n]al.

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[M]y social [c][r][i]m[in]a[l][i]ty h[as] [p]erh[a]p[s] [n]ever been  
 [m]ore a[c]cute than [d]u[r]ing this [p]e[r]iod of [m]y [l]ife. [M]y  
 [f]riend was [d]iagn[os]ed with [l]a[te] s[t]a[ge] b[r][ai]n  
 [c]an[ce]r and moved [b]a[ck] in [w]i[th] h[is] pa[r]ents [w]here,  
 [n]ot [l]ong a[ft]er, h[e] [s]uffe[r]ed a [s]eizure wh[ile] [d]r[iv]ing,  
 [t]otaled his car, and was [f]rom then on [f]orbid[d]en [t]o  
 [d]rive. [S]o n[atu]ra[l]l[y], [b]eing a good [f]riend, [b]eing  
 a[ctua]l[ly] a [b]etter [f]riend to him than ev[e]n a [f]ew of the  
 [f]riends [h]e'd [h]ad [f]or [d]e[ca]d[es], a [b]etter [f]riend at  
 lea[s]t in [t]erms of [t]ime [s]p[ent], I [t]ook it u[p]on [m]y[s]el[f] to  
 [d]rive [t]o his [p]a[r]ents' house [m]ul[t]ip]le [t]imes [p]er  
 [w]eek, after [w]ork, [w]here I alrea[d]y had a [d]e[ce]nt  
 [c]om[m]ute, [w]hich [w]asn't a[n] i[n]s[i]gn[i]f[i]c[an]t [d]rive, to  
 his [p]a[r]ents' [h]ouse, to [h]ang out w[i]th h[i]m, to [p]i[ck] h[i]m  
 u[p] and then d[ri]ve him to other [p]laces [w]here [w]e'd hang  
 [ou]t [f]or a [r]ea[sonable] am[ou]nt of time, [w]here a[ft]er[w]ard  
 I'd [d]rive [h]im back to [h]is pa[r]ents' [h]ou[s]e. Th[is] was a  
 [d]i[ff]ic[ult] or [d]eal [f]or my [f]riend [a]s you [c]an im[a]gine,  
 and there were va[r]ious [s]e[r]ies [o]f [u]p[s] and [d]owns—had I  
 [b]een [b]orn into [w]ealth I'd have [d]one [w]hateve[r] he a[s]ked,  
 [b]ut [b]ein[g] a wor[k]in[g] [s]tiff there was [o]nly [s]o much that I  
 [c]ould do, there [w]ere [t]imes he [w]an[t]ed [t]o get an ice  
 [c]ream [c]one and I, unfortunate[l]y, had to [d]o [l]aun[d]r[y].  
 A young man with [l]a[te] s[t]a[ge] b[r][ai]n [c]an[ce]r,

e[ss]ential[li]y a [d]eath [s]enten[c]e, [w]anted to [b]uy [m]e a [m]int [ch]o[c]o[li]ate [ch]i[p] [w]affle [c]one, [b]ut I had to [p]ol[ite]lly [d]e[c]l[i]ne [b]e[c]ause [l] need[ed] to wash my [b]oxer [b]rie[fs]. I[n] a[n]y [c]a[s]e his girl[f]r[i]end, who was [y]ounger [th]an [th]e two of u[s] [y]et [s]till [y]oung, [d]u[m]ped him not long a[f]ter, and [f]rom this we [c]on[c]l[u]d[ed] that ap[p]ar[ent]l[y] [w]aiting [f]or him [t]o [d]ie [w]as [t]oo much of a bu[r]den [f]or her, wh[i]ch [i]n [r]et[r]o[s]p[ect] I [s]u[pp]ose is [f]air [e]n[ou]gh, [n]ot [e]ve[r]y[o]ne has the [p]a[ti]e[n]c[e] to [w]ait [f]or [s]ome[o]ne to die, a [t]er[mi]n[a]l [i]ll[n]e[ss], for [s]ome [p]eo[p]le, [c]an just [b]e a [b]it [t]oo in[c]onvenient, a [t]ad [t]oo [c]um[b]er[s]ome. At the [t]ime, I d[i]dn't th[i]nk [m]uch of it, [m]y [f]riend was [f]airl[y] [t]orn [u]p [a]b[ou]t it, and who could [b]lame him?—[b]ut, again, with the ex[c]e[p]tion of [c]on[s]o[l]ing a [p]er[s]on in a mo[r]e o[r] [l]e[ss] gene[r]i[c] [w]ay there's not much [w]e [c]an [r]ea[l]i[s]ti[c]a[l]l[y] do. We [c]an [t]ell our [d]ying [f]r[i]end that his ex-girl[f]r[i]end is a [t]e[r]ri[b]le person, a [t]aw[d]r[y] whore, that he [d]eserves [b]etter, [b]ut the [r]ea[l]i[t]y [i]s there's [n]earl[y] [n]othing [y]ou [c]an tell a [y]oung per[s]on who, in all [i]k[e]ihood, will [d]ie a [s]low [d]eath, there's [n]ext to [n]othing you [c]an tell [h]im that will [c]om[fo]rt [h]im when [h]is att[r]a[c]tive girl[f]r[i]end [r]uth[le]ssl[y] [l]eaves him.

20—483:709 .681

It's g[r]ea[t to [s]ay, it's an [a]ppealing i[d]e[a] to [th]in[k] [th]at we [c]an [a]rr[ive] at the [d]oor of a [d]ying young man and [a]fter his li[f]e [f]or the [b]etter, [b]ut it's [s]ignifi[c]antly [m]ore d[i]ff[i]cult [th]an you [m]ight [th]in[k], in [p]ra[c]ti[c]e it's [m]o[r]e o[r] [l]e[ss] an [i]m[p]o[ss]i[b]i[l]i[t]y. You [i]m[a]gine [a]t [th]e time [th]at you're [s]aying [s]omething un[i]quel[y] en[lighte]n[i]ng whe[n] i[n] rea[l]i[t]y you're ju[s]t mindl[e]ssl[y] [s]pewing ge[n]e[r]i[c] [c]on[d]o[le]n[c]e[s]—ge[n]e[r]i[c] [c]on[d]o[le]n[c]e[s] that a[r]e [h]a[r]d[ly] of any [h]e[l]p at a[l]. [H]aving [s]aid that, [d]u[r]ing my [d]ay-to-[d]ay [r]outi[n]e I [th]ought almo[s]t no[th]i[n]g of his ex-girl[f]r[i]end, I le[ft] it [a]t [th]a[t], I [th]ought she was t[a]king the easy w[ay] out, there's [n]o [d]ou[b]t a[b]ou[t that, [b]ut I [d]idn't [n]e[c]e[ss]ari[l]y cu[r]se her [n]ame in m[y] pe[r]s[on]al t[i]me, I [f]elt [l]ike it was her decision, and ulti[m]ate[l]y i[f] she [f]elt as though my [f]riend wasn't the pe[r]s[on] she [w]anted to [w]ait [f]or, in a te[r]m[in]al [s]e[n]s[e], then I re[s]p[e]c[t[ed] th[at] a[s] her [d]e[c]ision, [th]at

[t]here was little any of u[s] [c]ould [d]o [b]es[i][d]es re[s][p]e[c]t her [d]e[c]ision and [s][p]ea[k] [p]oorly of her [b]eh[i]nd her [b]a[ck]. I d[idn't] th[i]n[k] m[u]ch [o]f it at all a[c]tua[lly] un[t]il the [f]o[l]lo[w]ing [w]eek[e]nd [w]hen I [w]as at [a] bar [a]r[ound] [c]lo[s]ing [t]ime with a [c]lo[s]e [f]r[i]end, and I [f]elt a tap on my sh[ou]l[d]er, [o]nly to [f]i[n]d this ex-girlfr[i]end of my [d]y[ing] fr[i]end. [S]he said [sh]e ju[s]t wanted to [s]ay hi, and [s]ub[s]e[qu]ent[ly] I [s]aid h[e]llo, y[e]t [o]nly a few [m]oments [l]ater I [r]e[c]eived yet a [s]econd tap on the shoulder. Now this ex-girlfr[i]end's fr[i]end, who a[cc]omp[an]ied her to the l[oc]ale, was [s]tanding in [f]r[ont] of my [p]er[s]on, and she [p]ro[ce]eded to in[f]orm me that I was [q]uote-un[q]uote "[k]ind of [r]ude" to m[y] [d]y[ing] fr[i]end's ex-girlfr[i]end, that I [c]ould [h]ave said [h]ello just a [l]ittle more [c]ordia[lly], this fr[i]end of m[y] [d]y[ing] fr[i]end's ex-girlfr[i]end [a]ctua[lly] h[ad] the au[d]acit[y] to [s]t[an]d there and with in a [s]tate of [s]inc[er]ity [s]p[e]a[k] th[ese] exa[c]t words to m[e], to [p]ro[c]laim that it was a[c]tua[lly] m[e], [t]hat I [w]as [t]he [p]erson w[h]o [w]as [c]ommitting the faux pas [h]ere, that I [w]as the [o]ne just a [l]ittle out of [l]i[n]e, that my [l]e[ss] than enthusia[s]tic [h]ello was the [t]rue a[ff]ront to good [t]aste [h]ere. Given the [c]ircum[s]t[an]ces, [m]y [t]e[n]de[n]c[y] [t]oward the i[n]t[em]p[er]ate [t]o[k] hold of me, and I in[f]ormed them [b]oth of [m]y [f]eel[ings] on the [m]atte[r], that I [p]erhaps in[f]ormed them of [m]y [f]eel[ings] i[n] a[n] acer[bic] [m]anner, in [p]erhaps the [m]ost a[c]erbic [m]anner I [c]ould i[m]agine [a]t the time. I let them k[no]w in [n]o unce[r]tain [t]erms who I [b]el[ie]ved was [c]ommitting the [t]rue faux pas at this [b]ar, [l]ate [i]n the [e]vening, [w]here [w]e [w]ere all [i]n[te]r[est]ed. [l]ate [i]n a[n]y [c]ase, ju[s]t [m]oments later I [r]e[c]eived an a[dd]it[ion]al tap on my sh[ou]l[d]er. The [b]ouncer of the [b]ar [s]tood in [f]r[ont] of me, [r]ather [a]p[athetic], and in[f]ormed [m]e th[at] I n[eed]ed to [l]eave the [p]re[m]ises be[c]ause "the girl [o]ver there," [q]uote-un[q]uote, was [c]laiming I ph[ysic]ally [h]it [h]er.

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A girl who j[u]st [d]u[m]ped m[y] [d]y[ing] fr[i]end [s]aid [h]ello to me then [h]ad fr[i]end verba[lly] [a]ssault m[e] for [a]lleged[ly] not [b]eing e[n]thusias[tic] [e]nough when I [r]eturned [h]er [r]ep[re]hensib[le] [h]ello, then I

[s]u[b][s]e[q]uent[!][y] ver[b]a[!][y] a[ss]aulted [b]oth [h]er and [h]er [f][r]iend [f]or [c]on[c]erning [th]em[s]elves with en[th]usia[s]ti[c] g[r]eet[i]ngs as o[pp]osed to [p]eo[p]le [d]y[i]ng arduou[s] [d]eaths, then sh[e] [f]al[s]e[!][y] a[cc]used m[e] of [ph][y]s[i]c[a]l[!][y] [h]itting [h]er in a [p]ub[!][c] [p][!][a]c[e]. [L][u][c]ki[!][y] en[ou]gh [f]or m[e], [th]i[s] notion [th]at a [p]er[s]on [p]unched a [f]emale in a venue [d]en[s]e[!][y] [p][a][c]ked [a]t th[at] [c]a[p][a]c[ity], yet m[a]naged to [!][a]nd a [p]unch [s]o [c][!][a]n[d]e[s]tine[!][y] [n][o] one in the venue [n][o]ti[c]ed, that [n][o] eye [w][i]t[n][e]s[s]es [e]me[r]ged [w]as ab[s]u[r]d to all [p]arties in[v]olved, yet I [s]till [v]igorous[!][y] [p][!][e]ad my [c]a[s]e, be[c]ause I'd ne[v]er [p][!][e]ad guilty whe[n] i[n]n[o]c[en]t, [s]o I vigo[r]ou[s][!][y] [d]e[f]en[d]ed my [n]ame against what I [c]o[r]re[c]t[!][y] in[t]er[p]r[et]ed [t]o be a [t]otal [d]e[f]a[m]ation of [m]y [c]hara[c]ter, [a]gainst thi[s] t[a]s[te][!][e]ss [c]hara[c]ter a[ss]a[ss]in[ati]on, a [!][e]g[i]t[i]mate a[ss]a[ss]in[ati]on [a][t]t[em]pt, all—un[b]e[!][e]va[b]le as it may [s][ee]m—as a [s]u[b][s]e[q]ue[n]t [r]e[s]ult of me [r]e[fu]s[ing] to [r]eturn a[n] e[n]thu[s]ia[s]ti[c] he[!][o]. A[n] une[n]thusiastic he[!][o] near[!][y] [t]urned m[e] in[t]o an [s]erious[!][y] a[!][e]g[e]d [f]e[!][on], and as I'm de[f]ending my[s]elf [v]igo[r]ou[s][!][y], [p]erha[p]s [e]ven [e]x[c]e[ss]ive[!][y] [v]igo[r]ou[s][!][y], the [e]x-girl[fr]ie[n]d [a]m[pl]es over with her [d]e[ge[n]e[r]ate [f]r[ie]n[d] [a]n[d] a[d]mits that her [c][!][ai]m was entire[!][y] [f]a[b]r[ic]a[te]d, th[at] it h[ad] [a][b]s[ol]ute[!][y] no [b]a[s]is in [r]ea[!][i]t[y]—a[n]d the[n] the [e]x-girl[fr]ie[n]d a[n]d her [d]e[ge[n]e[r]ate [f]r[ie]n[d], the t[r]ue [N]azi of [e]nthusiastic [g]r[e]etings, [d]r[i]ve [r]igh[t] off, ad[m]itting in [s]o [m]any [w]ords [th]at [th]ey [w]ere in the busine[ss] of a[ss]a[ss]inating the [c]ha[r]a[c]ter of anyone who [f]a[il]ed to [s]ay he[!][o] to [th]em en[th]usia[s]ti[c]a[!][y], [th]at [th]ey e[q]ua[te]d a [!][e]ss [th]an en[th]usia[s]ti[c] g[r]e[et]ing w[i]th [ph][y]s[i]c[a]l vio[!][en]c[e]. The next morning I [r]e[c]e[iv]ed a [c]all [f]r[om] my [s]i[ck] [f]r[ie]nd, [a]n[d] [a]s he add[r]e[ss]ed the [s]ituation [f]r[om] the p[r]e[v]i[ou]s night, it [b]e[c]ame [r]e[!][ative[!][y] [c][!][ear to m[e] that h[e] was, [f]or [!][a]c[k] of a [b]etter [ph]r[ase], t[a]k[ing] her [s]ide. In [m]y [m]i[n]d at the t[i]me thi[s] de[f]en[s]e of thi[s] per[s]on was [s]y[n]o[n]y[m]ou[s] w[i]th ta[k]ing her [s]ide, which, [a]s you [c]a[n] i[m]a[g]ine, [!][ed to a [b]it of a [f]a[!][ing out [b]etween u[s], as [h]e [f]ound [h]im[s]elf a[t]t[em]p[t]ing [t]o [w]or[k] [th]ings out [w]i[th] a girl w[h]o now [h]at[e]d [e]ve[r]y a[s]pe[c]t of my [b]eing

and [v][x]c[e] [v]er[s]a. It was [a] [b]it [o]f an im[b][r][o]gli[o],  
 [b]e[c]ause n[ow] I [f][ou]nd my[s]el[f] e[ss]entially a[b]an[d]onin[g]  
 m[y] [d][y]in[g] [f]r[i]end as well. I [g]ave his [e][x]-[g]ir[f]r[i]e[n]d  
 a[n] [e][x]ten[d]ed ha[r]angue [r]e[g]ar[d]ing her [r]uth[le]ss  
 aban[d]on[m]ent of [m]y [d][y]ing [f]r[i]end, then just [d][ay]s  
 [l]a[ter] I [f]ound my[s]el[f] a[l]l[s]o [r]uth[le]ss[l]y [a]ban[d]on[i]ng  
 h[i]m. Eventual[l]y w[e]’d [s][ee] [ea]ch other again, [m]y d[y]ing  
 frie[n]d a[n]d [l], we’d [s][p]end [l][i]m[i]t[ed] [t]ime [t]ogether here  
 and there, of [c]our[s]e, our [f]riendshi[p] [d]i[d]n’t [c][ea]s[e]  
 [c]om[p]l[e]te[l]y, and it was [f]ine, there was no [b]itter[n]e[ss]  
 [p]er [s]e, [b]ut our [f]r[i]endshi[p], [f]r[ank]l[y], was obviou[s][l]y  
 [n]ever the [s]ame.

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His ex-[g]ir[f]r[i]e[n]d [a][b]andoned him, then she [f]elt as th[ough]  
 I [g]ave her an [i]n[s]i[n]c[er]e hel[l]o at [a] [b]ar, then I  
 [d]is[c]o[sed] my t[r]ue thoughts on her [c]ha[r]a[c]ter, her  
 [d]e[s]p[ic]a[b]le [c]hara[c]ter, her [r]uth[le]ss a[b]an[d]on[m]ent  
 of [m]y [d][y]ing fr[i]end, then ju[s]t [d][ay]s [l]a[ter] I [a]l[s]o  
 [r]uth[le]ss[l]y [a]ban[d]oned m[y] [d][y]ing fr[i]end. It [t]oo[k]  
 [q]u[i]te a [l]ong [t]i[m]e for him to [d]ie—he [l]o[s]t [h]is [s]ight,  
 and [h]e was almo[s]t ent[ire]l[y] b[l]i[n]d, [h]e was admitt[ed] to  
 [h]o[s]pitals i[n] a [t]er[m]i[n]a[l]l[y] [i]n[t]er[m]i[n]te[n]t fashion,  
 v[i]s[it]i[n]g w[ith] h[igh]-[p]r[i]c[e]d [s]p[ec]ial[ist]s that brought  
 n[oth]ing [o]ut[er] [th]an [u]t[er] [f]i[n]a[n]cial [r]uin to his  
 [f]am[il]y, and [e]ventual[l]y h[e] was [e]n[c]lo[sed] i[n] his  
 bed[r]oom f[r]om [s]u[n]set [t]o [d]awn [t]o [d]inner, in [h]is  
 pa[r]e[n]t[s]’ [h]ouse, an only child, a[b]an[d]oned [b]y [b]oth his  
 [g]ir[f]r[i]e[n]d and his [g]ood [f]r[i]end. [F]our years [l]a[ter] I  
 [h]eard that [h]e’d entered [h]o[s]p[ic]e, that [h]e [l]a[id] on [h]is  
 [d]eathbed, and I arr[an]ged to p[ay] h[i]m a v[i]s[it] the  
 [s]u[b]s[e]q[ue]nt [m]orning with [m]y [c]ou[sin], [b]ut he [d]ied  
 over[n]ight. [D]ay[s] l[ate]r, his [m]other [n]ot[ed] t[hat] a [m]u[t]u[al]  
 [f]r[i]end that she’d [p]r[e]f[er] h[is] [i]m[p]en[d]ing [f]un[er]al to be  
 a [s]m[all] [c]e[r]e[m]ony, that she [d]i[d]n’t want it to [b]e a [b]ig  
 [c]r[ow]d, a[n]d I [c]o[n]s[idered] not atten[d]ing [b]e[fore]  
 [b]eing ulti[m]ately [c]o[n]vin[c]ed [b]y a [m]u[tual] [f]rie[n]d [t]o  
 [a]tt[en]d. [A]gai[n]st [m]y better judg[m]ent I [a]tt[en]d[ed] the  
 [f]un[er]al, y[et] the [s]e[c]ond I [s]aw my [d]eajd [f]r[i]e[n]d’s  
 made-up [c]or[p]s[e] in the [c]offin, the [s]e[c]ond [l]  
 [s]t[e]p[ped] in [s]igh[t] of the [c]offin, a bout of i[n]te[n]se

[r]eg[r]e[t] [c]ame over me, and [l] [r]eal[i]zed [l] had no [b]usine[ss] [a]tten[d]ing thi[s] [f]une[r]al, that I [a][b]an[d]oned m[y] [d][y]ing [f]ri[en]d, a[n]d the[n] I h[a][d] the au[d][a][c]it[y] to [a]tten[d] his [f]une[r]al, [e][ss]e[n]tia[l][y] agai[n][s]t his own [m]other's [w][i]sh[e]s—not ex[p]r[ess]ed agai[n]s[t] his [m]other's [w][i]sh[e]s but [i]m[p]r[ov]e[d] agai[n]s[t] his [m]other's [w][i]sh[e]s. There was [n][o] [d]oubt his [m]other [m][o]u[t] [i]ke[l]y would have [p]r[er]eferred I [n]ot attend. There was [n]o [d]oubt, if [p]r[e]s[s]ed, she would have [a]t [l]ea[s]t bee[n] [a]gn[o]s[tic] [v][i]s-a-v[is] my [a]tte[n]d[an]c[e], wh[i]ch, [c]on[s]idering her [p]r[e]fere[n]c[e] was a [s][m]all [c]ere[m]ony, is [t]an[t]a[m]ount to [p]r[e]f[e]r[ri]ng my ab[s]en[c]e. V[i]a the [p]r[o]c[ess]ion [l]i[n]e, it was [c]l[ear] his [p]a[r]ents [c]l[ear][y] [e]i[th]er [d]i[d]n't re[m]e[m]ber [m]e or [d]e[le]b[er]ate[ly] forgot m[e]. In my [s]ea[t] I [c]ea[s]e[ss][ly] [s]p[ec]u[lat]ed whether they [d]i[d]n't re[m]e[m]ber me or [d]e[le]b[er]ate[ly] for[g]ot m[e]. Me—the [g]uy who used to always [g]o [p]i[c]k u[p] their son, what a [g]reat [g]uy, I u[s]ed to go [p]i[c]k their [s]on u[p] more [f]r[e]q[ue]nt[ly] than [e]ven his childhood [f]r[ien]ds, [l] was such a n[ic]e [g]uy, yet eventually of [c]our[s]e I [s]to[p]ped [c]o[m]ing [a]round, I [a][b]an[d]oned their [d]ying son [l]i[k]e we [a]ll eventua[l]y [a][b]an[d]on the ter[m]ina[l] ill, and [s]u[b]s[e]q[ue]nt[ly] his pa[r]ents [f]orgot a[b]out m[e], and [r]ight[f]u[l]ly [s]o. It would h[av]e [a]c[t]ua[l]ly [b]een di[s]ta[s]tef[ul] [f]or the[m] to [r]e[m]e[m]ber [m]e.

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The [m]o[m]ent I w[ri]t[e]d, [i]n [m]y [d]ead [f]ri[en]d's [f]ather's e[y]es, that h[e] [e]i[th]er [i]n[t]e[n]t[i]ona[l]y or un[i]n[t]e[n]t[i]ona[l]y [f]or[g]ot m[y] [i]d[e]n[tit]y I k[n]ew a[t]t[e]n[d]ing thi[s] [f]u[n]e[r]al was a [g]r[av]e mi[s]t[a]ke. I s[at] [b]a[ck] down in my [b][a]ck [f]old out chair and [s]aid to my[s]el[f] Th[is] [i]s the [l]a[s]t [f]u[n]eral I'll attend, because [a]tten[d]ing a [f]u[n]eral is [a]lw[ay]s a [m]i[s]t[a]ke, it's the [m]o[s]t [i]n[s]ipid [m]i[s]t[a]ke we [c]an [m]a[k]e. [A]tten[d]ing a w[e]dding [m]ay [b]e a [f]aux paus [b]ut [a]tten[d]ing a [f]uneral is [a]lw[ay]s a[n] i[n]a[n]e [m]ist[a]ke. We [a]ll [g]ather [a]r[ound], [a]ll [f]r[ien]ds and [f]ami[l]y, to [g]laze [i]d[i]ot[ic]al[ly] at a [s]tiff [c]orp[s]e, then we [g]o eat at a [l]ocal [r]e[s]taur[ant]—we all [m]i[n]de[ss][ly] [s]tare at a [d]ea[d] bo[d]y, then we have a [n]i[c]e [m]eal. There's [n]othing

[m]ore [d][i][s]ingenuou[s] than a [f]u[n]eral, and the [m][o][s]t [d][i][s]ingenuou[s] [f]u[n]erals are th[o]se held [f]or the young. An esse[n]tially i[n]ter[m]i[n]a[b]le [d]isease, [b]ut the [m]e[d]i[c]al [p][r]o[f]essional [m]ade a [s][i]g[n][i]f[i]c[an]t [f]ortune in the [p][r]o[c]e[s]s. A [c]a[r]eer's [w]o[r]th for the [w]o[r]k[ing] [c]lass, no [d]oubt. They exten[d]ed his [s]u[ff]e[r]ing, the [s]u[ff]e[r]ing of his [f]ami[l]y, the [s]u[ff]e[r]ing of eve[r]yone [a]round [h]im, then [a][l]lowed [h]im to [d]ie. [H]ow [m]a[n]y [h]un[d]re[d]s of thousands of [d]o[l]lars, [i]f [n]ot [m]i[l]l[i]o[n]s of [d]o[l]lars, were [s]p[en]t, only to exte[n]d a [m]an's [s]u[ff]e[r]ing and [s]till a[l]low him to [p]e[r]ish [p][r]e[m]ature[l]y? [B]ut of [c]our[s]e they [s]till a[cc]e[p]ted [p]a[y]m[en]t, [b]e[c]ause you never get [a]n A [f]or [e]ffort in this [c]ount[r]y, un[l]e[ss] you're a m[e]d[i]c[al] [p][r]o[f]e[ss]ional. It's on[l]y [d]o[c]tors who h[a]ve the au[d]a[c]i[t]y to extend a [s]o[n]'s [s]u[ff]e[r]ing, watch him [d]ie, and [s]till [r]uin the [f]a[m]i[l]y [f]in[an]cia[l]l[y]. We think [s]o high[l]y of [d]o[c]tors in this [c]ount[r]y, yet it [s]e[m]s to [m]e that [d]o[c]tors are gr[e]ater charlatans now [th]an [th]ey've ever [b]een. [B]ut of [c]our[s]e I atten[d]ed the [r]e[c]eption as [w]e'll, [w]h[e]re the [d][i][s]i[n]genuous nature of the [e]n[tire] [e]ve[n]t [r]eal[l]y [c]ame into fo[c]u[s]. The [d][i][s]i[n]genuous [n]a[t]ure of the [e]n[tire] or[d]eal [n]a[t]ural[l]y [r]eac[h]ed its [a]p[ex] at the [r]e[c]e[p]tion, as it [b]ecame ju[s]t a[n]o[th]er [s]ocial [e]vent. [I]t's [i]m[p]o[s]sible to have an iot[a] of [r]e[s]p[ect] [f]or your[s]e[l]f or the [s]o[c]iety you [p]arti[c]i[p]ate in a[ft]er [a][tt]e[n]ding a[n] eve[n]t of th[at] m[a]gnit[ude]. [S]till [i]n th[at] b[ic]k [f]old-out chair, [s]ta[r]ing at my d[e]ad [f]rie[n]d's heavi[l]y [m]a[de] u[p] [c]or[p]s[e], it [f]aile[d] [t]o o[cc]ur [t]o [m]e then—I was [f]oo [c]o[n]s[u]med with di[s]gu[s]t [f]or my[s]e[l]f—but in [r]e[t]ro[s]p[ec]t my on[l]y [c]o[n]c[lu]sion [f]rom that [d]ay is ju[s]t th[at], th[at] [r]a[t]ional[i]sm [i]s no[th]ing [m]o[r]e [th]an [th]e [m]o[s]t [l]u[r]id [f]o[r]m of ab[s]ur[d]i[s]t [p][r]o[p]a[ga]n[d]a. We've [c]o[n]s[t]ructed a [r]a[t]ional[i]s[t] [A]ngl[o] world that h[a]sn't [c]o[n]s[um]ed everything—not [q]uite yet—but that [s]till [r]e[m]ains e[ss]e[n]tial[l]y o[b]j[e]c[tiona[b]le, ju[s]t as the [m]y[s]t[ic] [B]y[z]antine world, it's natural opposit[e], was, [i]n [i]t[s] [e]s[s]e[n]c[e], al[s]o [e]n[tirel]y o[b]j[e]c[tiona[b]le. And the [d]o[c]tors who t[r]eat our [d]e[ad] [f]rie[n]ds, [p][r]o[l]o[n]g their [s]u[ff]e[r]ing and buying [h]omes in the [H]am[p]tons w[ith] the [c]r[i]m[in]al [p][r]o[c]eeds, they're o[b]j[e]c[tiona[b]le in [e]ve[r]y way.

And the [p]eop[le] who [a][ss][a][ss]i[n]ate our [c]ha[r]a[c]ters  
 [b]e[c]ause [th]ey [f]eel as [th]ough we're [n]ot [e][n][th]usia[s]ti[c]  
 [e][n]ou[gh] [w]hen [w]e [s]ay hello to them at [b]ars, they're  
 [c][r][i][m][i]nals of the highest [m]agnitude. [B]ut we our[s]elves  
 are ju[s]t as o[b]je[c]tio[n]a[b]le [a]s any of these [a][c]tors, we're  
 all[s]o [c][r][i][m][i]nals of the highe[s]t [m]ag[n]itude, we're  
 [p]erha[p]s the [m]o[s]t o[b]je[c]tio[n]a[b]le. We a[s]tutely  
 [r]e[c]og[n]ize [o]ur [o][pp]os[i]tes as [c][r][i][m][i]nals be[c]ause  
 we exi[s]t as [p]arts of the [s]ame [c][r][i][m][i]nal wh[o]le. We  
 [d][o][n]'t k[n]o[w] how to [d]eal with [d]eath any[m]ore. We thin[k]  
 our [s]cienti[s]ts and our do[c]tors are p[r]og[r]e[ss]ing, [th]at  
 [th]ey'll eventually p[r]og[r]e[ss] [t]o a [s][t]ate [w]here they'll  
 o[n]c[e] and [f]or all un[d]er[s]tand [d]eath, on[c]e and [f]or all  
 when the [s]ad [r][e][a][l]ity is we [r][e][m]ain at the [a][p]ex of the  
 [p][r][i]m[iti]ve with [r]egards to [q]u[ote]-un[q]u[ote] [d]eal[ing]  
 with [d]eath. We're e[ss]e[n]tia[l]ly a[n] i[n]d[i]g[n]ou[s]  
 [p]o[p]u[l]ation when it [c]omes to in[t]e[r]a[c]t[ing] with [d]eath.  
 We're z[e]alot[s] of [p][r]og[r]e[ss], and as [s]uch we're  
 [i]ll-e[qu]i[pp]ed to [i]nte[r]a[c]t w[i]th any [s]ort of [p][r]ofun[d]ity,  
 be[c]ause we're [s]u[s]p[en]d[ed] in [p][r]og[r]e[ss], [w]e're  
 [s][t]u[c]k [w]aiting for our [s]cienti[s]ts and [d]o[c]tors to give u[s]  
 the [w]ord, to [g]ive u[s] the word [th]at [th]ey've finally [g][o][tt]en  
 to the [s]o-called b[o]tt[om] of [d]eath. [P][r]e[v]i[ou]s  
 [g]ene[r]a[tions] [s]p[oke] [p][r]o[f]ound[ly] in the [f]a[c]e of  
 [d]eath, while our [g]ene[r]a[tion] [s]erves [c]ole [s]l[aw] and  
 chi[ck]en [p]armig[ia]n[a] at [f]u[n]e[r]al [r]e[c]e[p]t[i]ons, the  
 [i]m[a]g[e]s of [c]or[p]s[e]s [s]t[i]ll [f]r[esh] in our mind.  
 [P][r]e[v]i[ou]s [g]ene[r]a[tions] un[d]er[s]t[ood] [d]eath in a  
 [p][r]o[f]ound[ly] [g]ene[r]al [s]en[s]e i[f] hard[ly] at all in a  
 [s]p[e]c[i]fic [s]en[s]e. We [c]on[s]u[m]e [m]ozza[r]e[ll]a [s]ti[ck]s  
 in the [f]a[c]e of [d]eath, we eat [a][l]l [p]e[n]o [p]o[p]pers in the  
 [f]a[c]e of [d]eath, we [d]r[in]k [c]r[a]ft beer with i[d]ioti[c]  
 [t]ange[r]ine a[ft]er[t]a[s]tes in the [f]a[c]e of [d]eath. It's,  
 [f]r[an]k[ly], [o]n[ly] the h[o]me[le]s[s] of ou[r] e[r]a wh[o]  
 t[r]u[ly] [r]e[c]og[n]ize the ill[s] of the p[r]ivate [s]phere—'[b]y  
 exami[n]ing the [n]ature of [s]en[s]i[b]le [th]ings, [th]ese [p]eop[le]  
 have arriv[ed] at a [c]oncept of God, but not at a  
 [c]on[c]eption trul[y] worth[y] of Him.'

